

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1886.

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I.

THE Catholic body in England and Ireland ought to be grateful to Mr. Edward Lucas for the good work he has done in preparing the two volumes which contain the life of his brother, Frederick Lucas. The book is full of deep and varied interest, for it gives us the deeds and words of a man of many-sided activity, one to whom, from the day of his conversion, nothing that could promote the interests of the Catholic body was indifferent, who worked with single-hearted earnestness for whatever he believed to tend to the greater glory of God, and in his generous zeal thought nothing of himself, and sacrificed health and life to the work that he was given to do. Such a man is the very type of a Catholic leader. We do not say he was without his faults, that his judgment was infallible, his zeal always according to the highest knowledge. All men make mistakes, and a popular leader is of all most liable to them. But in politics, as in war, to be always safe is to be always weak. If we grant that Lucas was at times mistaken, we have no hesitation in asserting that he was much oftener right than wrong, and where he was wrong there was a generous readiness to admit his mistake, and above all a constant spirit of submission to authority that made any really disastrous error impossible. Such a man's life is an inspiring record for Catholic men to read, and we trust that the study of what he did and wrote and said, will lead many Catholics to ask themselves what they can do for the cause for which he lived and laboured so well.

Mr. Edward Lucas expresses a not unnatural surprise that a life like his brother's should have been left so long unwritten by a Catholic pen. It is some thirty years since Frederick Lucas died, and the only record of his life is a brief memoir by a

¹ *The Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P.* By his brother, Edward Lucas. In two volumes. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

Protestant friend, a memoir chiefly taken up with his earlier days, and necessarily all but silent on those aspects of his career which are of most interest to Catholics. It is unfortunate that English Catholics should be as backward as they are in the matter of interest in the lives of their great men. That they are backward in this point can hardly be questioned, whatever be the cause, for is not Wiseman's life still to be written, and Faber's charming biography after so many years, still in its first edition? So far as Frederick Lucas is concerned, the deficiency is now right worthily supplied. Of the plan of the biography the author says, in his first chapter :

I have undertaken the task before me with a keen sense, not only of the difficulty of biography in general, but also of a tendency to partiality beyond that which besets the biographer of one whose memory is less dear to him than is that of Frederick Lucas to myself. However, this tendency I shall in some measure guard against by allowing the subject of this memoir, as far as possible, to speak for himself. I propose to let him draw his own portrait : he will thus be seen in his true colours ; his virtues he will make apparent ; his defects he cannot hide ; nor shall I attempt to conceal them. For an overmastering love of truth may be said to have been his ruling passion, and he would be as ready to admit his faults as St. Augustine himself. I conceive, therefore, that he would not thank me for holding him up to the public view at all, should I endeavour to present him other than he was.

In pursuance of this plan, extracts from Frederick Lucas's letters, articles, and speeches are freely woven into the narrative ; throughout we feel ourselves face to face with his marked and vigorous personality, and as we read on, we gradually come to know him as he was. This effect is all the more readily produced, because his was one of those frank, outspoken natures that fully reveals itself in words, and will not and cannot conceal anything. It was this honest frankness of speech that at times made enemies for Lucas in the very body that he was trying to lead to success.

A life of such varied activity can be surveyed from many points of view. We shall look at Lucas as a Catholic leader, and as an English friend of Ireland and the Irish people. It is only for the sake of more convenient literary treatment, that we look on these as two aspects of his career. They were really one. As a Catholic leader, Lucas naturally from the first took a deep and friendly interest in the Catholic nation whose sons

formed four-fifths of that Catholic body in England, among which his own lot was cast, and to whose foremost political leader he in common with all the Catholics of England owed it that he had any voice whatever in public affairs. He won the confidence of Irishmen in a very dark period, he was worthy of that confidence, and his name is still held in affectionate memory in Ireland. As a Catholic leader in England, he was the founder of the English Catholic Press, and one of the little band of men that first organized political action on a large scale for Catholic objects, and took the first steps in the struggle for the Catholic education of the poor and the working classes. Father Whitty rightly says of him in the pages he contributes to the work before us,² "His career, short as it was, is one for which English and Irish Catholics may well feel grateful to God."

But before dwelling on these two aspects of Frederick Lucas's public work, it will be well to briefly sketch the chief events of his life. He was born on March 30, 1812. He died October 22, 1855, at the age of forty-three. His career was indeed a short one, if we measure by years, but all the years of his manhood were full of untiring active work; he lived them very thoroughly. His father, Samuel Hayhurst Lucas, a corn-merchant in the City of London, was a member of the Society of Friends, and Frederick spent his school-boy years at a Quaker school near Darlington. In his seventeenth year he became a student of University College, London, where Mr. Riethmüller, his former biographer, was one of his fellow-students, and intimate friends. At the College he was one of the leading members of the debating society, and took an active part in the production of more than one of "the ephemeral periodicals to which the College, in its early days, gave birth." In these recreations we may see a forecast of his future work as a journalist and politician.

After his college course he became a student of the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1835. During his legal studies he was for awhile very much attracted to Bentham's Utilitarian theory of ethics, and read his writings with eager interest, but it was a mental phase that did not last long, and he used to attribute to his reading of Wordsworth the thoughts that broke for him the spell of Benthamism. Two years after his call to the Bar, a change began in him which was to lead up to the turning-point of his life:

² These pages contain the narrative of the last illness and death of Frederick Lucas.

Born in the Societ of Friends, Lucas knew absolutely nothing of the Catholic Church till the year 1837, when his attention was first drawn to the subject by an article on Cathedral Establishments in the *Quarterly Review*. To the ordinary reader this article contains nothing to lead a man towards Catholicism. But to Lucas it opened the way to an unknown region; it suggested a new class of ideas, a new train of thought and investigation, which were stimulated by the Oxford movement, and, as he tells us, by the unsatisfied longing for religious certainty. But he made no conscious progress till near the beginning of 1839. Early in that year, in some conversations with Mr. T. C. Anstey, afterwards Member for Youghal, the truth flashed upon his mind, and in less than a week he had satisfied himself that with the Catholic Church alone is lodged Divine authority on earth. In this conviction he never wavered; and it is related of him by those who were best able to judge, that, although some very deep questions came before him for discussion, he never from the moment of his conversion propounded a single principle at variance with Catholic doctrine. He was received by Father Lythgoe, of the Society of Jesus, and thus describes, in simple and touching words, the process through which he had gone, and the peaceful security of the haven he had reached:

"As a child who has lost himself, he knows not where, far from home, returns weeping and weary to his mother's breast, so after long wandering in darkness, seeking for truth, but finding no rest because I could find no certainty, I have at length come, tired out with profitless labour, to find repose and consolation within that temple, whose eternal gates are ever open to invite the weary and erring pilgrim to enter in. . . . I have accepted the invitation; I have entered in; and within I have found, not the mutilated limbs of truth, but the Glorious Virgin herself in all her celestial radiance."

These last words are taken from a pamphlet which he published under the title of *Reasons for becoming a Roman Catholic*. It was intended chiefly to explain his change of position to his former co-religionists, and was written in the hope of inducing others to follow his example.

It is not easy for us to realize at the present day the position of Catholics as it was more than forty years ago at the period of Lucas's conversion. Just ten years before, Catholic Emancipation had been won after a long and anxious struggle, but Catholics had still the air of men who were strangers in their own country, barely tolerated by opponents who outnumbered and outweighed them in every class and in every locality. It is true there were several Catholics who sat in the House of Commons for English constituencies, but they were there

through the local influence of this or that wealthy Catholic family, and their presence in the House was in no small degree due to the fact that men did not believe the Church in England had any future before it, or was likely to be a serious danger to English Protestantism. The conversions arising out of the Tractarian movement, the restoration of the Hierarchy, the great events of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth, were all in the future. Catholicism was regarded by many outside the Church as "played out," to use a familiar and expressive phrase. And the action of Catholic members in Parliament was often well calculated to persuade the Protestant body, that nothing was to be feared from such champions of the Roman cause. In 1843, when a Bill was introduced into Parliament that would have placed the education of all the factory children in England, Protestant and Catholic alike, under the control of the clergy of the Established Church, an English Catholic nobleman rose in his place in the House of Commons and said that "as a Catholic, he felt bound to declare that so long as there was a Church Establishment it must be predominant, and must of necessity be administrative in any system of general or national education established by Parliament; and further that the Bill was framed in a most just and fair spirit." But at the same time there were men in the English Catholic body who chafed against this timid policy of self-effacement, and the honoured names of Langdale, Waterton, Weld of Chideock, and Clifford, were borne by worthy defenders of the Church. Unfortunately, small as it was, the Catholic body was divided by various strongly marked lines of cleavage. There were Catholic Whigs and Catholic Tories, who were too often ready to subordinate Catholic interests to the supposed necessity of not embarrassing their party. There were marked divisions, too, which had their root in the Irish question. O'Connell was the chief Catholic leader of the day.

He was not only a political but a religious champion. He it was who enabled the Catholics of this Empire to hold up their heads as free men, to meet their Protestant neighbours as equals and without a blush. To him it was chiefly owing that they began to assume that station in society which was on every account their due. Such a defender of the Catholic cause could not be ignored. But a large class of English Catholics re-echoed the cry of his bitterest enemies. He was a violent demagogue. He indulged in vulgar abuse. He called a spade a spade. He was an agitator; and they were ashamed as well as afraid of him.

Still he had a very large following who had no objection to plain speaking; and who did not consider a strong argument violent merely by reason of its strength.

Lucas had not been twelve months a Catholic, when a project was put into execution which it was hoped would give a rallying point to this somewhat heterogeneous body. The Catholics of England had long desired to have an organ in the English Press, to represent them, advocate their claims, and serve as a centre of common deliberation and council with a view to organized action. In 1840 the *Tablet* was founded. Lucas was suggested by Father Lythgoe as its first editor, and he accepted the responsibility on the understanding that he was to be free to advocate in all things what seem to him to be right and just, while at the same time, to make it clear that what he said could not in any way pledge the Catholic body, the paper appeared with a motto from Edmund Burke: "My errors, if any, are my own; I have no man's proxy." This struck the keynote of Lucas's public career, which was distinguished by strong individuality, and thorough independence of all mere party considerations.

From this date the life of Lucas is really in no small degree a history of Catholic politics in England and Ireland for some fifteen years. We hear something of all the various questions that agitated the Catholic body from 1840 to 1855—the dispute between Lucas and O'Connell on the Repeal question, and the subsequent adhesion of the English journalist to the views of the generous Irish leader who had been his warm friend throughout—the Oxford movement, the first battles on the education question in England and Ireland, the Irish famine, and the foundation of the Tenants' League, the storm of "No-Popery" cries excited by "Papal Aggression" in England, the formation of the Tenant League party in Ireland, the defection of Sadleir and Keogh, and the disputes as to the action of Cardinal Cullen and the Irish priesthood in politics, the mission of Lucas to Rome, and then his illness and death, the result of the restless and unceasing activity of those fifteen years in which as a journalist, a member of Parliament, and a popular leader, he was toiling to further what he held to be the best interests of Catholicity. Before following in some detail certain portions of his political life, we may be allowed to quote a passage from the pages in which Father Whitty, S.J., tells the touching and edifying story of his last

days, and sums up his impression of the life which came to such a holy end :

On September 25, 1855, he made a general confession to Father Tracy Clarke, the Master of Novices at Beaumont,³ and received the Holy Viaticum. Next day I came from London to administer Extreme Unction. He received the Viaticum on several other occasions, and finally on the feast of the Purity of our Blessed Lady, just the day before he died. The next day, the 22nd of October, in the afternoon, he saw and conversed with his father for a considerable time. After he was gone he said, "I hope I did not speak too much of myself, but I tried to give the conversation a Catholic turn." A little later he had a violent attack of the painful breathing and became very faint. He was sitting up, having been unable to lie down for some time. As soon as the change in his countenance was perceived, the little indulgenced prayers were repeated to him, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I offer you my heart and my soul," &c. He responded by a most emphatic "Thank you," bent forward, as was his wont in order to breathe more freely, then leaning back in his chair, expired without a sigh.

It was a Christian death, cheerfully accepted from the hands of God, at the early age of forty-four, and well prepared for. His career, short as it was, is one for which English and Irish Catholics may well feel grateful to God. A convert to the Catholic faith, he from the first seemed to have imbibed the spirit of that faith in its fulness. No one, I think, could have known him intimately, without seeing a certain resemblance between him and Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor and martyr, as we hope he will one day be declared by the Holy Roman See. In natural character of mind and heart both were Englishmen of the noblest type. Both had the same gentle yet resolute spirit, the same love of truth combined with considerateness for the convictions or prejudices of others, the same ready wit in reply or argument, and above all, the same irrepressible playfulness of spirit, even within sight of the solemn moment of death. Not that there was in either any want of reverence. On the contrary, the very characteristic of their piety, I should say, was a profound sense of God's rights. But they felt like God's children all the same, and as children they could feel no gloom in going into their Father's presence. Like Sir Thomas More, too, Lucas was above all things a loyal child of the Holy See. It was not indeed given to him, as to Sir Thomas, to die for the Divine rights of the Successor of St. Peter; but he had the stuff in him of which, by God's grace, martyrs are made.

II.

It was a first principle with Lucas that Catholic interests in Ireland, no less than Catholic interests in England, should hold a foremost place in the mind of a Catholic politician. In the

³ Frederick Lucas was then at Staines, where he died. Beaumont Lodge, now a College, was then the Novitiate of the English Jesuits.

Tablet, Irish affairs occupied a large place, and it says much for its founder's independence that at the outset he took up a position which could not be very agreeable either to the Irish Repealers or the English Unionists. He conceded too much for the latter, too little for the former. But it was what he believed to be the truth, and he wrote it boldly and plainly. He thus clearly risked a rupture with O'Connell, but to the *Liberator's* great credit this honest opposition never for a moment altered the good relations between him and the young journalist whom he knew to be at heart the truest of the English friends of Ireland. In the "brief confession of political faith" which appeared in the first number of the *Tablet* (May 16, 1840) Lucas wrote :

On the subject of Irish politics it is difficult to speak with moderation. . . . We are no Repealers ; but we look upon the cry for Repeal to be the most natural for the inhabitants of a country which has been governed with such fatal disregard of all the plainest rules of justice and prudence.

Then after referring to what could be said in favour of O'Connell's demand for Repeal, and especially to the evils of absenteeism, and the tendency of "their brother bigots in England" to strengthen the hands of the Orangemen in Ireland, he goes on to say :

But we think that no impartial person who considers the changes which late years have introduced into the character of our Irish legislation, the immense stride that has been made from the more than Orange barbarities—if that be conceivable—of the last century to the mild and moderate injustice of the present day, can hesitate in believing that the troubled waters will work themselves pure—that patience (Heaven knows the Irish have been patient hitherto), moderation, and firmness will suffice for the accomplishment of what remains, without giving up the country to the horrors of civil war—the inevitable result of any serious attempt to obtain the repeal of the Union.

This was written before the great famine and the dark days which followed it, and also before men had realized what agitation, organization, and independent opposition could effect. It was written, too, before Lucas had visited Ireland. He first trod on Irish soil three years after, and was almost as rapidly converted to O'Connell's views, as he had been to the Catholic Church. He remained steadfast to the last in these later convictions, and expressed in the strongest terms his regret for having ever opposed what he now believed to be a rightful cause.

But from 1840 to 1843 he was steadily opposed to the Repealers. He argued that the Act of the Union, whatever were the intentions of its framers, was a legal one, within the competence of both Parliaments; he expressed his conviction that without its repeal, all necessary reforms could be effected in Ireland; he held that the Union by enabling the Catholics of England and Ireland to bring their united power to bear on a single parliament, gave the Catholic body in these islands a position of influence, which they could not hope for if separated. To the Union, he asserted, the Catholics of Great Britain owed it that they had shared in the emancipation won by O'Connell. At the same time he protested that no argument drawn from subsequent advantage would lead him to defend or condone an original act of injustice, but that there had been such an act, he so far denied.

Mr. Edward Lucas gives very full extracts from his brother's writings on this point, and remarks with reference to his subsequent change of opinion:

No better argued or stronger case for refusing Repeal, has come at any time under my notice. At any rate the editor of the *Tablet* had a very clear view, and held it against all comers with no slack hand. If, therefore, his opinion on the subject should change, if he should admit that he had been mistaken, such conversion would only be brought about by some very cogent, not to say overwhelming, arguments, or by some new view of the facts. It is true the change would cost his self-esteem no pang; for when once he saw the truth, his habit was to yield at once. He scorned, or he would have scorned—for I doubt whether such a thing ever entered his mind—to try to show the perfect consistency of his arguments for and against. His articles are not composed after the model of those skilful masters of phrase, the careful wording of whose concluding sentences contradicts, or appears to contradict for purposes of future reference, that which seemed to have been clearly stated at the outset.

That the change in his politics was not, after all, a very violent shock to the convictions he had hitherto held, is evident to us from the language he holds in an article which appeared in the *Tablet* in January, 1841, the very first year of his editorship. In that article he says:

We believe that no Government can safely or wisely administer the affairs of Ireland which does not govern in the *spirit* of Repeal; which does not act on the principle that Ireland as well as England must have a National Government; must be governed, not as England must be governed, but in all practicable respects as Ireland would govern herself

through the means of a domestic Parliament. Ireland, he insists, requires and demands a Government of a wholly different complexion from that of England. In conclusion he says, that unless a total change in the manner of governing Ireland is introduced, we shall find that though Repeal be not granted, and there be no Parliament on College Green, yet "the Union will still be disturbed—public confidence still shaken—the Government bearded by formidable associations—the whole nation organized into a complete system of quasi-affiliated clubs, and Dublin made the seat and centre of a thousand schemes of domestic legislation, while the peace of society is troubled by an incessant agitation, which will have owed its long continuance to our wilful and perverse neglect."

In January, 1843, Lucas went over to Ireland on business connected with the enlargement of his newspaper, and it was during this visit that he became a convert to O'Connell's programme of Repeal. Early in this journey, but while he still held his old view of Repeal, he wrote that until he saw things with his own eyes, "he never had the slightest conception that any class of beings could be ground down to so miserable a state—as regarded their outward condition—as that of the peasantry he had seen in the various counties through which he had passed." He made good use of his time in Ireland, he used to go into the houses of the people, talk familiarly with them, look over the agreements under which they held their land, in a word he studied the Irish agrarian question at first hand and for himself. When he came back to England he did what he could to communicate to others the knowledge he had acquired. The land question, however, was not yet in the fore-front. The years 1843, 1844, witnessed the rapid growth of O'Connell's Repeal agitation, culminating in the great open-air meetings, which in those days, before the cheap newspaper was the power it is at present, were the chief means of pushing forward any great political question among the people. All the while Lucas was doing his utmost to rouse Catholics in England to a sense of the reality of Irish grievances, and whatever men may say of the present state of affairs, and however Catholics may be divided on the actual Irish crisis, there is, we think, no Catholic who can look back to the condition of Ireland forty or fifty years ago without granting at once that in the days when Lucas made himself the champion of Ireland in the English Press, the grievances of Ireland and of the Catholics of Ireland, were most terrible realities. Yet men were found, and men in high station, to deny that any real grievance existed. Lord Stanley declared

in 1843, that "the wealth, property and intelligence of the United Kingdom" was satisfied with the Government of Ireland. On this Lucas wrote in the *Tablet* :

It was the wealth, property, and besotted intelligence of the United Kingdom that enacted the Penal Code, and thus set at naught all the obligations of morality and all the precepts of religion. Nay, it is idle to deny that the repeal of the last remnants of that Code was in direct and notorious opposition to the wealth, property, and intelligence of the Empire. There is not an act of villainy that has been perpetrated towards Ireland on a great scale for which the wealth, property, and intelligence of the Empire have not been pawned with the utmost cheerfulness.

Lucas was not the man to give a half-hearted or timid support to what he held to be a just cause. We need not attempt here a summary of the arguments which led him to take this view of O'Connell's claim for an Irish Parliament. They will be found fully stated in his biography. But it is well to note, that openly and boldly as he fought for Repeal, he did not forfeit the confidence of men who had a just claim to be taken as the representatives of what was best in English Catholicism. Even opponents respected in him his untiring championship of every Catholic interest. It was this very devotion to Catholic interests that led him to take up so heartily the Irish question. He was a thorough Englishman, but he always held that if any practical good was to be accomplished for the Church in the Three Kingdoms, English and Irish Catholics must stand together like two divisions of one army.

Later on, opponents spoke of him as a sower of dissension, but as a fact he regarded disunion among Catholics as among the worst of evils. Hence his earnest pleading against the divided policy of the Irish Bishops on the Charitable Bequests Bill, and against the self-contradictory action of some of them on the question of the godless colleges. Hence, too, his angry protest when current Protestant calumnies against the Irish priesthood, were accepted and put into further circulation, as when in 1847-48 the *Times* accused the priests of wholesale complicity in assassination, and Lord Shrewsbury was so ill-advised as to join in the attack.⁴ But his desire for union did not prevent him from rejecting as a source of manifold danger and disaster, acquiescence in injustice, and weak concessions made to the

⁴ "The British Protestant public are deeply indebted to the Earl of Shrewsbury," wrote the *Morning Chronicle* on this occasion.

enemy in the hope of gaining from his goodwill, what could be more certainly and more honourably won by a steady adherence to principle.

The Repeal movement ended in bitter disappointment for all who had championed it. The proclamation of the Clontarf meeting, O'Connell's submission, his trial, the break up of the organization he had founded, and the collapse of his health as well as his personal influence, all seemed to many to ring the knell of constitutional opposition and purely political agitation in Ireland. Younger and more ardent men stepped into the great leader's place, and soon, while the famine was sweeping down upon the land, they were preaching in very despair, an appeal to arms. Against the policy of insurrection, Lucas pleaded and protested with all the energy and eloquence of which he was capable. He granted at the outset that he had not a word to say against the threatened insurrection on the score of illegality. Personally he held that, in what were then the actual circumstances of Ireland, insurrection would have been justifiable if there had been any prospect of success. He based his protest against a rising entirely on the ground that it could only lead to defeat, reprisals, and further misery. And he gave grounds for this opinion by studying the history of the chief insurrections and civil wars of recent times, and showing how there were in Ireland only those conditions that had in other and parallel cases, led to disaster. The insurrection came and was ended in a single day. Then the state trials followed. O'Connell was gone, and his party broken up. The Young Irishmen had failed, their leaders were dispersed, in exile or in prison. The land was covered with the graves of the dead, and alas! in many a desolated tract with the ruined villages and farmsteads from which the survivors had been turned out upon the roadside. The workhouses were crowded with paupers, the hospitals with sick. Ragged wretches were begging their way along the highroads, or starving in the hedgerows, and the ports were full of pauper emigrants. Truly it was a most miserable time, and at this time it was that Lucas, generous and brave hearted Englishman that he was, resolved to throw his lot in more fully with that of the Irish Catholics. In November, 1848, he began to look around him in order to arrange to transfer his home to Dublin, and there carry on either the *Tablet* or some other paper, in defence of Irish and Catholic interests. The project was not executed until the end of 1849. Latterly,

without his ceasing to watch the general current of affairs, and to dwell upon the interests of the Church in other lands, the very force of events, the struggles, the disasters of Ireland had made him devote a larger share of his attention and his energies to Irish affairs, and he felt that Dublin was the place where his paper should henceforth appear. There it could count upon a wider support from Irishmen, without losing that of the Irish in England and the greater portion of the English Catholics.

In the latter part of 1849, he removed to Dublin. He had not quite six years of life remaining to him, and those six years were to be the busiest in all his career—busy, and at the same time full of disappointment, following ever close upon partial success, and all the harder to bear for that very reason. He was not long in Ireland before he found himself drawn into a new political movement, in which he soon began to bear a leading part. This was the Tenant League. It united for a brief period Protestant and Catholic, North and South, in action for a common object. Briefly that object was the concession of Tenant Right in a very moderate form to the Irish farmer. The Tenant League, with the famine hardly over, and the "clearances" still in progress, asked for far less than was granted in the Act of 1881, or in 1870 by Mr. Gladstone's first Land Act. Yet the cry was raised that the League was preaching confiscation and tending to Communism. To the first part of the cry, Lucas replied that it was simply resisting confiscation, the wholesale confiscation of the tenant's own property in his improvements; as to the talk about Communism he remarked that Communism was very hard to define, the best definition that he had ever heard was that it "was a tin kettle very convenient to be tied to the tail of any unfortunate animal whom it was desirable to hunt to death." This was the real meaning of the cry of Communism in the case of the Tenant League. The demands of Lucas and his friends were most moderate and most obviously just. They have been conceded by Parliament to the Irish farmer years ago. It is curious to find a man like Lord Clarendon writing to a friend in 1851 that "Mr. Lucas, editor of one of the most virulent and most offensive papers in Europe, was the chief instigator, as his paper was the chief organ of the Tenant League, *the object of which was to abolish the rights of property and to shake to its very foundation everything on which society depends.*" Unfortunately, there are

always men who like Lord Clarendon hope to "save society" by perpetuating abuses.

A special feature of the new movement was that its leaders, largely under the inspiration of Lucas, formally adopted a policy which he had from the first advocated in the *Tablet*—the policy of what came to be known as "Independent Opposition." The idea is so familiar to us now, that we can hardly realize that there was a time when it was a new feature in Catholic and Irish politics. Lucas held, and rightly held, that no concessions could be won from either of the great English parties until Catholic members showed that they could stand together and vote together against any and every Government that refused to do justice to their fellow-Catholics; and that they would do this without any regard for mere party ties, and without any thought of personal interest. The opposite policy was one which merged the Catholic body in the Whig party, and while Catholic prisoners, soldiers, and sailors were left without priests, and Catholic children were being robbed by wholesale of their faith, found some compensation in the fact that a handful of prominent Catholics and their friends received posts of more or less dignity or profit from the Government for which the Catholics had voted.

While the Tenant League movement was just taking shape, the storm excited by the restoration of the English Hierarchy burst upon England and Ireland. Of Lucas's conduct at this crisis we shall have more to say in another article. His former strictures on time-serving Catholics were amply justified now, when one Catholic peer, in his patriotic indignation at the conduct of Pius the Ninth, walked into a Protestant parish church for Divine Service, and another wrote to the Grand Master of the Orangemen to assure him that he regarded Lord John Russell's conduct as that of a friend of the British Constitution. But the agitation showed that such weak-kneed brethren were the exception among Catholics, and when the brief storm was over the position of the Church in England was all the more secure because it had successfully passed through such a crisis. It was one of the turning-points of Lucas's career. His biographer tells us that :

The Ecclesiastical Titles agitation was accompanied by, and led to consequences which affected the whole of Lucas's future life, and finally to the writing of the "Statement" prepared for Pius the Ninth. It had turned attention from the active pursuit of the Tenant Right movement, but it had produced an important effect in a new direction—an effect

which Lucas thought would be favourable to the movement. It had detached from the Whigs a number of Catholic members, who required some very strong inducement to unloose the ties by which they were bound to that treacherous faction. It tended also to bring about what had never ceased to be Lucas's great aim, namely, a real union between the Catholics of both countries. When, therefore, it was proposed to found a Catholic Defence Association of Great Britain and Ireland, he entered warmly into the project. The Young Ireland party in the Tenant League threw cold water on the scheme because, among other reasons, they had no confidence in the projectors of it. But Lucas urged in its favour that the only chance of success for the League was to have in Parliament a third party, a party of Independent Opposition, who should hold the balance of power, and who, keeping their attention fixed on their own interests alone, should obstruct boldly, play off one of the great parties against the other, and know nothing whatever of the most pressing imperial requirements till justice, whether to Catholic soldiers, sailors, paupers, prisoners, or Bishops in England, or to tenants and the poor in Ireland, was conceded. Indeed, the more urgent the imperial necessities, the more convenient would they be as fulcrums, and, by consequence, the more powerful would be the leverage for raising a weight which it was impossible to move by any other process. The Defence Association then was formed, and included on its committee and among its members Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Cullen, Primate of all Ireland, many English, and most of the Irish Bishops, a large array of the nobility and commoners of both islands, and the party of obstructives in the House. The requisition calling for the establishment of the Association, filled about a dozen double columns of the *Tablet*. The most active men in the business were, either directly or indirectly, William Keogh and John Reynolds, who had led the parliamentary opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

Lucas had been one of the warmest supporters of the new Association, and his position was such as fairly entitled him to a place among its leaders;⁵ but Reynolds, Sadleir, Keogh, and the rest, evidently looked on him as far too outspoken and honest a politician for the part they hoped to play in public affairs. But he supported the Association in his paper as long as there was any hope of its acting upon the programme with which it had started. At the end of 1851 he ventured to call

⁵ On January 4, 1851, Dr. Cullen, in sending Lucas a contribution towards the expenses of an action at law in which the *Tablet* had been involved, wrote to him: "Your services to Ireland have been invaluable. You have never failed to stand forward to protect our poor and to assert the rights of our country without urging us on to anarchy and sedition; and when any religious question had to be discussed, you always endeavoured to put it on its true basis and to take a truly Catholic view of it. Hence it is that every enemy of Ireland and of her ancient faith hates you most cordially: but you may be proud when you reflect that it was only by honesty and sincerity of purpose that you merited their hatred."

attention to the fact that nothing had been done in Parliament, though there was a long series of questions calling for the action of the Catholic members. Outside Parliament, too, there were causes for anxiety. When one of the Irish seats became vacant the Catholic members first supported a Catholic Liberal candidate, but a change of Ministry having occurred before the election, they suddenly turned round and supported Lord Naas, the Ministerial candidate. This did not look like independent opposition.

The summer of 1852 witnessed a Dissolution and a General Election. Lucas was invited to stand for Meath, and was elected by 2,004 votes against the 565 polled for his opponent, Mr. Grattan. The leaders of the Catholic Association threw their weight into the scale against him, and when he entered Parliament he wrote to one of his oldest friends anticipating only failure. He came, he said, as a member of a minority in a minority. He was, however, one of a group of sixty Irish members who were publicly pledged not to accept office under any Government that did not adopt as part of its programme, Tenant Right, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. They were at the same time pledged to maintain the policy of Independent Opposition in defence of all Catholic and Irish interests. Lucas was determined not only to keep his own pledges, but to do what he could that others should be true to theirs; but from the outset he distrusted, and rightly, some of the most prominent of his colleagues.

Parliament met on the 11th of November. On the 17th, Lucas made his first speech in the House. It was on Tenant Right, and it proved a complete success. A month later the Government was defeated in a division on Mr. Disraeli's Budget. The numbers were, for the Government, 286, against, 305, of whom 52 belonged to the Irish Catholic party. Thus they held the balance of power in the House in their hands, and if they had kept together and adhered to the programme on which they had been elected, they might have demanded what they liked from the new Ministry, and wrecked it if it refused their demands. Lucas rejoiced at a victory which made such great results possible. "Will the Irish members [he asked] have the virtue to keep together and to act with tolerable unanimity for this great end? I hope, I trust, and, what is more, *I believe* they will; and sure I am they have every public motive to do so." In a few days all these hopes were dashed to the ground. Lord

Aberdeen and Lord John Russell formed a Ministry in which Keogh appeared as Solicitor-General for Ireland, and Sadleir as a Junior Lord of the Treasury. Lucas for a moment hoped against hope. He wrote to Keogh a letter in which

He congratulates him on his elevation, and on personal grounds rejoices at it, never for a single moment having entertained any sentiment hostile to the gratification of his just and honourable ambition. But then he recalls the oath at Athlone, which had been repeated twice at Cork some four or five months later,⁶ and he expresses the hope that he and Sadleir have made terms with the Ministers in accordance with these oaths. But if not it would be the duty of every one in a public position to express his decided reprobation of such conduct.

When it became evident that no pledges had been exacted from the Ministers, that Keogh and his friends had simply abandoned the Catholic opposition, Lucas still held that all could be regained if those who remained would only hold together, and if the Irish bishops and priests would join with the people in rejecting at the polls the men who had broken their oaths. Sadleir was so rejected at Carlow, but when Keogh sought re-election at Athlone, the bishop of the diocese, and with him many of the priests, supported his candidature. To have a Catholic in office, with patronage at his disposal, seemed to some sufficient compensation for pledges violated, and all the possible results of a great victory thrown away. Lucas felt that on such an occasion silence amounted to complicity, and he spoke out boldly and plainly :

Hitherto the priests and the people have been united, and at the advice and with the encouragement of the priest, the peasant has made fearful sacrifices. Shall he do so any longer? Will he do so any longer? He knows himself to have been betrayed by those he sent to Parliament. He feels too humble—at all events he is too prudent—personally to remonstrate with the men who have betrayed him. He leaves that to the priest who vouched for the good character of the traitor, and pledged his sacred word to the service that would be achieved by electing him. At this moment, and for this purpose, the

⁶ Keogh had said at Cork: "Let the Minister of the day be who he may; let him be the Earl of Derby, let him be Sir James Graham, or Lord John Russell, it is all the same to us; and, *so help me God*, no matter who the Minister may be, no matter who the party in power may be, I never will support that Minister, or that party, unless he comes into power prepared to carry the measures which the whole people of Ireland demands. . . . I have seconded the proposition of Mr. Sharman Crawford in the House of Commons, and, *so help me God*, upon that and every other question to which I have given my adhesion, I will be, and I know that every one of my friends is as determined as myself, an unflinching, undeviating, unalterable supporter of it."

priest is his spokesman. If the priest remonstrates, makes known his indignation, and severs himself from the evil act—all is well; not so well as could be wished, because public treachery always inflicts a grievous wound upon public confidence, but a great deal will be done to repair the mischief. But if the priest be silent, if he does not remonstrate, his silence is suspected, his power weakened, his influence shaken to its foundations, and the next election will show that the priest and the constituent are not necessarily the same thing.

It is not for me an agreeable thing to handle these topics after this fashion, but in matters of real moment it is as well to be plain-spoken. For myself (and many others), I can say that I did not allow myself to be sent to Parliament as child's play, and I am not disposed to treat what happens in these matters as of little moment. They are not of little moment to us or to the country. Having an opportunity of forming a more accurate judgment of affairs than many whom I address, and having the means of making known such judgment as I am able to form, it would be criminal in me to hold my peace.

Henceforth Lucas, and the men who with him kept true to the programme of the Tenant League and of the party of independent opposition, had to fight an uphill battle. It was not only that he had to contend against the weakness that condoned such conduct as Keogh's, but he had to encounter the most powerful opposition from a quarter where he might have least expected it. This opposition came from the distinguished ecclesiastic who then occupied the metropolitan see. Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen was a formidable adversary. He was a man universally respected by friends and foes alike; of great holiness of life; unflinching in his sense of duty; earnest, energetic, and persevering. He could not be classed as a "Castle Bishop," for he could, and did, act independently when he felt that occasion required it, but his tendency was to side with the official class against the popular leaders. It almost seemed at times as if he did not understand the nature of a constitutional opposition. He certainly had no very adequate knowledge of his fellow-countrymen. He had never lived among them as a priest; their aims and aspirations were familiar to him only through a foreign and at times a distorted medium. He had spent a considerable part of his life in Italy, and he had acquired there a wholesome horror of revolution and revolutionists. In every popular movement he saw a reflection of Young Italy and Carbonarism, and the red shirt of Garibaldianism seemed to him to peep through the Irish green. He identified the maintenance of a particular system with the defence of order.

He hoped nothing from forms of political action which did not begin by conciliating men in power, and he feared at every turn to see agitation degenerate into revolution. He and those who thought with him used their far-reaching influence to cripple the action of Lucas and the Tenant League. The blows which Lucas felt the most were those which fell upon priests who identified themselves with his political activity, and all the more because those who figured on the other side had apparently nothing to fear. At last, in the bitterness of his heart, he exclaimed that if the priests were only to be allowed to appear on the side of the pledge-breakers and the place-hunters, there would be "no other course for honest and sane men to take but to wash their hands of public affairs altogether, and to abandon all hope of protecting the interests of Catholic Ireland in the Parliament of Great Britain."

We have no intention of following here in detail the course of this memorable conflict. It is a thorny ground, and many of the actors in it are still among us. The second volume of the *Life of Lucas* contains abundant documentary evidence upon it, and more will probably be found in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's forthcoming work upon the same period. Here we need only note that Lucas refused to retire in despair from politics, because he refused to believe that it was the policy of the rulers of the Church to close the mouths of the Irish priests, on questions in which directly and indirectly religion and morals were so deeply concerned. He resolved to plead at Rome itself what he held to be the cause of Catholic Ireland, and to Rome he went. The English Catholics stood by him right generously in this trying moment. It was when he had already announced his departure for Rome that, on the suggestion of Canon Oakeley, a committee was formed to present him with a testimonial. Canon Oakeley and Lord Arundell of Wardour were the secretaries. Bishops, priests, laymen, and even non-Catholics joined in the testimonial, and it was presented to Lucas as he passed through London on his way to Rome.

There he had two interviews with Pope Pius the Ninth, interviews which were narrated at length in his letters to his friends. One of the results of the second interview was that he began, at the suggestion of the Pope, to write a full statement of the condition of affairs in Ireland, and the nature of the questions at issue between him and Dr. Cullen. This statement was to have been translated into Italian for presen-

tation to Pius the Ninth. His stay at Rome had been prolonged beyond the time he originally intended to remain, powerful influences had been brought to bear against him, and although he had been helped by kind friends, he had not received from Ireland itself all the formal support he had expected. Early in the summer of 1855 he returned to England hoping to be able to finish his statement, concert further action with his friends, and go back to Rome at an early date. But this was not to be. His health broke down, and, as we have seen, the autumn of the same year witnessed his holy and peaceful death.

The important State paper (for this it is) which he drew up for the information of the Holy See, is published in the second volume of Mr. Edward Lucas's life of his brother. In editing it he has wisely summarized certain portions of it, but all the essential passages are there given in full, and it is a document of the first importance for the understanding of a turning-point in recent Irish history. Lucas was fully justified by the events that followed his death. If his policy had prevailed in the period that followed the disasters of 1848, the history of Ireland for some fifteen years would not have been what it unhappily is, a history of place-hunting followed by a history of conspiracy, the conspiracy of men who, betrayed as they were by the leaders they had trusted, had come to despair of all constitutional and peaceful action.

In this article we have dwelt almost entirely on the connection of Frederick Lucas with Irish Catholic politics, because it was to that field his best energies were devoted. In another article we hope to say something of his views on other Catholic questions, his action in other lines of political and social life. Meanwhile we heartily recommend to our readers the two volumes of his biography.

We are quite sensible of the fact that many readers will be disposed to dissent from this or that view put forward in them, and that some will even perhaps dispute certain details of the transactions with which they deal. This must be so when the history of the events of a stormy yesterday are written in the very lifetime of so many of the chief actors in them. But with all this, we are sure no one will read these volumes without feeling something of the inspiration that comes from converse with a high-souled, generous nature, and without hoping that the Church in these lands may yet have many champions as brave, unselfish, and devoted, as Frederick Lucas.

British Art in 1886.

THE ACADEMY AND GROSVENOR GALLERIES.

ALTHOUGH public opinion has very distinctly and unanimously pronounced this year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy to be disappointing, and has even expressed doubts as to the superior merit of that much smaller number of paintings exhibited at the Grosvenor, yet there always must be in both Galleries a fair proportion of pictures deserving examination and discussion. In many cases it is a nervous undertaking to praise or dispraise a particular work of art, though this difficulty seems by no means to present itself to all minds. One is tempted, indeed, at first, to be almost entirely swayed by what others may have said or written, but their verdicts are soon found to be so discordant, nay, so utterly at variance, that the only plan left is to take hope again, and place more confidence in one's own humble lights. Still it surely must be with pictures, as with other art objects and with books, an interesting occupation to talk over them, and to interchange the expression of our thoughts and tastes regarding them ; more especially in these days when so many either themselves visit our London Exhibitions, or hear them discussed at home by those who have, or at least anticipate the opportunity of viewing those more celebrated works which make the round of our leading towns. Nay, as the qualities of good pictures recommend themselves to all lovers of art, it may prove far from uninteresting to persons even at a greater distance to draw from description some idea of the merits and general characteristics of different painters and of their pictures.

A cursory glance round the walls of any of our Exhibitions shows us, year by year, how much British Art is at home in landscape and marine painting, and in such subjects it still holds its own in our two leading Galleries. At the same time, it must be confessed there is no indication of advance, nor can we point to a single striking picture marked with the stamp of

pre-eminent vigour and excellence. Our best artists are not at their best, nor do they develop any increasing force, originality, or delicacy of finish in their manner of treatment. But as we have no wish at present to enter further into this matter, and would deal with the pictures before us rather as they are, than as they might be, let us begin our slight descriptions and comments with Mr. W. L. Wyllie's spirited landscape under the title of "*Work-a-day England.*" Brawny men full of action are busy digging in the immediate foreground, on a ridge covered with rough and tangled brushwood. This rapidly descends to the level of a river that with its wide bend and finely sweeping banks has been chosen as the scene of the busy toil and stir of manufacturing life. Down beneath, and stretching to the right, distant groups of artisans ply their work beside sheds and rough wooden landing-stages, and under the shadow of tall factory chimneys. A cheery light and sheen is cast over the broad expanse of water, even though on the opposite bank to the left, and far in the mid-distance, and along the sluggish stream itself, with its barges and steam-tugs, smoke rises from many a funnel and furnace to dispel the charms of the once smiling, silent country.

In perfect harmony with its own less bustling scene of labour is the "*Canal Life*" of C. W. Wyllie. To the right, a few old-fashioned houses line the tow-path of the canal, with its calm unruffled breast. All the humble details of the bridge through which a steam-barge approaches with its curling smoke, the roofs and gables of the rustic village rising behind it, and themselves modestly crowned by their country church—these, well balanced in form and colour by some canal-boats grouped round a quaint, high-roofed wharf-house, tinted in brown, and skirted by the dark green of the grassy bank, are bathed in a bright, calm evening glow, lighting up the delicate harmony of every shade and colour preserved throughout. Mr. Macbeth contributes two fresh pictures to his series illustrative of field-labour in the fen country. His "*Sodden Fen*," with its subdued sunset light over fields and trees and ragged barns, one would think, more truthful to the general aspect of nature in that district than his "*Fen Lode*," which charms the eye with its clear golden hue. This sunset brightens a rural path, along which, between the fresh transparent stream, flanked by an old windmill on one side, and a fair green bed of rushes intersected by bands of outlying water on the right, two simply-clad and

simple-hearted girls saunter homeward from their work, having a line of straggling geese for their companions. Turning from these scenes of humble field-life, we have before us in Vicat Cole's "Great Marlow on Thames," one of his studies of our graceful river. Here the bright water, passing beneath a suspension-bridge, the church spire beyond, a heavy boat drawn up at the side, and a servant watering his horses in a cool spot under the trees, are all framed in richest foliage, so still and lovely and pleasant to the eye, notwithstanding a certain tameness and mannerism of handling. More vigorous in treatment, yet equally lovely in its apparently unstudied wealth of greens and browns, is the "Thames at Clieveden," by F. S. Walker, under the influence of autumn. It requires little effort to picture before us, beneath a rich blue sky, the thickly-massed belt of trees that fringe the opposite side, the river's reach passing straight across the landscape, and bearing in its reflection a second wood and sky as it passes lazily along, only slightly ruffled by the painted barge, with its little square cabin and heavy rudder, guided by a buxom lass, while on the bank in front of us a man and woman are labouring at the tow-line, under the inspection of a few sedate-looking ducks—a truly English scene.

As different as possible from the rich yet well-measured glow pervading the above landscape are the dazzling sunlight and radiant heat, which seem to have melted atmosphere and solidity out of Mr. Brett's "Argyll Eden." Conceding to this picture much cleverness, diversity, and brilliance of colour, we miss both nature and true art from it. Hills, rocks, clumps of trees, patches of green and of sand, pellucid water and intersecting rays of the sun are painted, as on a surface of tin or china, in most inharmonious disorder, surrounded by an atmosphere unknown to the Highlands. The intense heat here indicated would have simply invested everything in a soft white mist. Another Eden of a far truer character is spread out to the view by Mr. C. E. Johnson, "In the Midlands: cub-hunting." This presents a delicious expanse of widest extent, hill and dale, pasture-lands and dense woods, spreading out into a dim blue and green distance beneath a soft English sky, and rising up in front to a park-like eminence, from which the spectator appears to look out on the whole view, along with the mounted huntsmen and dogs that admirably supply the exact touch of life and movement required. The eye at a little distance easily catches sight of Mr. Leader's two atmospheric studies in "The

end of the Day," and "When the west with evening glows," from the prominence with which he groups together different objects in his foregrounds, the care of his elaborations, and the crispness and metallic lustre of his colouring. As in the first-named, the row of leafless branches and ivymantled stems that mount guard over a cluster of shapeless cottages with thick thatched roofs and white clay walls, the countryman and his dog delayed by a young passer-by on the rough planks serving for a bridge across a brook; these are excellently painted, as well as the sheen of some still water to the right. But the one thing wanting is atmosphere to correct the aerial perspective and give depth to his picture, and tone down the too juicy greens.

Considerable power and originality may be traced in Mr. Farquharson's bold and successful effort to depict the grasp of ice and frozen snow upon a mountain stream, "And winter's breath came cold and chill." From a finely lighted distance the river is seen between tall stems sweeping round towards the spectator, as it forces its way amongst the snow-laden stones and rocks, and stiffens in its progress. A cold sunset finds passage through an opening in the dark trees that wear their foliage of snow, and forms a broad path of yellow light, varying as it falls on snow, or ice, or stream, but ever striking with a thrill of cold instead of warmth. The rough exterior of nature is also well portrayed in the "Flood on the Wye, subsiding," by H. W. Davis. Here the line of mountain-ridges across the horizon, the bare hillsides sloping towards each other from either side till they meet in the central distance, the strips of scraggy trees and brushwood lining each bank of the river as it pours along its yellow turbid waves past a small group of oxen which have sought standing room on a projecting rock, these several objects combine in an excellent composition, because they are very carefully and ably rendered in detail.

Under the head of marine painting Mr. J. C. Hook is perhaps at his best this year in "The broken oar." It, at all events, bears clear testimony to his leading characteristics of a grand stretch of open, transparent sea, broken up into surging waves and crests of foam. His cloudland, too, is filled with life and motion, while the mid-air is ever buoyant and fresh. Possessing many of the same qualities Mr. H. Moore adds greater versatility both in his subjects and in his manner of treating them. "Breezy morning" is an animated portrayal of

sea and sky, which are at the complete mercy of the winds, for clouds and waves are having a race together, to the sad discomfiture of two vessels tossed about between them. "Sunset after Storm," in the Grosvenor Gallery, shows a line of sandy coast, from which a boat carrying three persons has begun to drift, while a man is vainly endeavouring to drag two cart-horses across the yellow sea-washed sands to attempt a rescue. An angry array of foam-crested waves, corresponding to the heavy masses of cloud rolling overhead out to sea, indicate the fury of the storm, that is only just passing away. Mr. Moore's "Sound of Isla," represents the effects of a less recent storm, where a continuous swell is still upon the sea, and scattered clouds mingle with the bright sky, but a superb radiance now illuminates the swelling waves, and the fishing boats are riding more at ease. The glory of "Mount's Bay," by the same artist, lies chiefly in the masterly effect of his cloud-painting which presents a perfect study of shading, from dark broad masses to exquisitely delicate and varied tints. We find, with many points of difference, a certain resemblance between the work of Mr. H. Bartlett and Mr. Colin Hunter. Both rather affect expanses of comparatively smooth water, somewhat lumpy in material and often coloured a rich deep blue; both show their skill in introducing figures with excellent effect, and their fisherwomen have a family likeness. But Mr. Bartlett is a painter of varied hand, and we shall have occasion to refer to him again in subsequent articles. His "Wrack Harvest, Connemara," is a strongly-painted picture, indeed the water is decidedly rough in treatment, but the scene of the little bay, bound round with gentle hills and sands and large stones covered with seaweed, is bright and sunny. It is full also of life and work, for from the rough waves men are dragging wrack into their boats, while along the shallower parts women with tucked-up garments collect their share into large fish baskets. The contrast between the deep bed of the outer sea, and the gently rippling movement of the water spread widely over the sands could not be better rendered. Colin Hunter's "When the boats came in" is likewise marked with vigour and rich colouring, it is a simple and telling composition of a small rocky pier for the fishing boats, of which some are drawn up beside it and others appear in the offing, catching the eye of a fisher lass who, in picking her way over the rough, pebbly beach with basket on shoulder and in hand, casts a wistful anxious glance across the sea.

In the like order of subjects runs Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "Off to the Fishing Ground," with this variety, that the spectator imagines himself on the deck of an outward-bound fishing-smack. Two aged and well-seasoned fishermen and three boys of different ages form its crew. One lad waves his adieu to a mother and sister probably, who return to shore in a boat. The sentiment of the farewell is touchingly expressed, for it is evidently his first voyage, while one old man, perhaps his father, turns to him a look of nervous sympathy, and the two other lads follow the receding boat with fixed and earnest gaze. "How the boat came back" deserves especial mention as a bold and successful effort of Mr. Hemy to represent with due force and dash the final thrust by which the raging surf drives home to shore the boat that can escape, only by means of a rope thrown out to it, the certainty of being sucked back by the retiring wave. This is a powerful and well conceived picture, the rush up shore of the spent billows, the sea of agitated foam round about, and the boat's hull carried forward half exposed above it, are all depicted with dramatic effect.

For interpretations of the ocean in its gentler moods, we cannot do better than quote Mr. H. Macallum's joyous, sunny picture, "A Kiss from the Sea," even though it be rather too gushing and sunny, too studious of effect, and wanting in repose and harmony, with its sunlit choppy wavelets. Again it is a pleasure to turn to such truthful, peaceful harmonies between sky, coast-line, and water as are contained in "Filby Broad, Norfolk," by E. H. Fahey. The soothing calm breathed forth from every feature of the scene is fittingly typified in the motionless boat with its flapping sail reflected through the clear surface, along those lines where no ripple stirs it. Among sea pieces remaining to be mentioned we must name two others as being of singular excellence. The first of these is Mr. Fahey's painting of "Great Yarmouth, 1886." This is thoroughly English in subject and in colouring, and the eye lingers upon it and is loath to leave it. The town and shore forming a thin line across the view in mid-picture, and thus dividing the light and broad expanse of grey misty clouds above from the somewhat narrower and darker waste of waters beneath, brings every object into perfect harmony. The execution is delicate and natural, bars of different lights on the water mark where the currents pass along, while a ship here and a boat there, patches of sand and pools of water, birds on the wing, a brighter colour up and down,

a little clump of broken basket-work, all these and more blend together in a very finished composition. And yet we are inclined to give the palm to Miss Clara Montalba's "Port of Amsterdam." In tone and character this picture reminds one of the ancient masters, and may claim kindred with the Dutch school. Its general hue is peculiar, but, true to the atmosphere of the country, equal skill and grace of composition are shown in the artistic grouping of vessels of every size and shape in front of the city and its picturesque towers and spires; and the bright transparent water tremulously reflecting so many different objects, adds its share to the exquisite arrangement and rich colouring of the whole work.

Are we right in classing with marine pictures Mr. Burne-Jones' weird and nightmare conception, "The Depths of the Sea"? We cannot but admire his marvellous execution of every detail, the dexterity of the illusion as to the watery element in which the figures of the mermaid and of the dead man whom she clasps round the waist are placed, aided as this is by the air-bubbles rising up from the head and other parts of his body. The pose, the death-hue, the gradual sinking of the head, these lead up to the masterpiece in the whole work, the mermaid's own countenance. None but a great painter could have produced such a mingled expression of exulting glee, imagined triumph, and wicked desire, as at once fixes the eye and remains distinct in the memory. There are, however, faults which we could scarcely have imagined so able a designer to fall into. The narrow oblong form of the picture is not only disproportionate in itself, but suggestive of a tank in some aquarium, or of monstrosities preserved in spirits within a bottle. The mermaid's tail appears to grow out simply from one side, while the arrangement of lines increases the awkwardness to the eye of two human figures having only three nether limbs between them. But the greatest mistake of all surely lies in the mixing together of the real and the purely mythical, so as to lose the moral intended in the confusion of ideas actually conveyed.

Among Incidents of Domestic Life we give the first place to Mr. Orchardson's "Mariage de convenance—After;" it is the sequel to the highly-praised painting of a former year. Conflicting opinions have been formed as to its merits, but an unanswerable proof of its power and success is that the glance of the ordinary visitor has been observed to be at once arrested by it, and it haunts the eye afterwards with its sad expression.

Between the limp, haggard, broken-down man seated there, his arm-chair fronting the fire, with back turned to the untouched dessert-table amid the solitude of the same dining-room as in the previous picture, and the portrait of the wife who has left him looking down there from the wall towards the end of the table at which she had once sat, between these the history of desertion suggested is vividly told. The clothes of faultless make are slovenly put on and hang loosely about him, while the aspect of wearied grief and sense of an objectless existence for the future tell, not of the out-manœuvred roué, but of a husband who had really loved. The same painter's "Tender Chord," though a still more exaggerated instance of his yellow tints and unnatural colouring, is effective in the pose and expression of the graceful woman who stands beside her piano, sadly dreaming over thoughts awakened by the strain she has just been playing. A kindred theme has inspired Mr. Frank Dicksee to achieve one of the best pictures he has ever painted. In a modestly appointed drawing-room, a mother pauses in her reading, as she reclines against the back of an old-fashioned arm-chair with the air of an invalid, that she may listen to her daughter's voice at the piano and indulge in the painful "Memories" called back by the words of the song:

O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

The drawing is as beautiful as it is simple, and its quiet sentiment is made more impressive by the tender shadows of a summer twilight.

As contrasts are sometimes a relief to the mind, let us shift our ground to a very different walk of life, though sad memories are here at work too. "Repentance," by Arthur Stocks, may not have attracted much attention nor gained much sympathy, but its very bareness of details and absence of polish in the execution heighten its realism. In some denuded garret has been placed along a rough form a poor coffin of the cheapest make, with a cloth or pall cast hastily over it. This evidently contains the body of some lonely mother, for near its head kneels on the floor a stout-limbed Arab of the streets, her undutiful, but for the moment at all events, repentant son. It is, we may hope, his hand which has placed a few flowers on the coffin, for he is now bent down with grief and bitter remorse. The power of the picture consists in its utter truthfulness, in

the ill-used and ragged clothing, the coarse unshapely hands, with thick unbending fingers, the close-clipped hair, and more than all, the hard and unhealthy lines that sear his young face. Repentance of another source and stamp finds vent from the lips of that despondent old Highlander, whom Mr. Thomas Faed represents sitting, still kilted and plaided, upon a rock by the sandy shore of Lake Ontario, and gazing mournfully out at the setting sun. The sentiment may appear hackneyed, but is redeemed by the artistic force and finish with which both figure and countenance are painted. Oh, if our friend could but catch just one glimpse of Mr. Pettie's "Chieftain's Candlesticks," how would not these light up the whole future for him! There is doubtless merit in the mere imagining and in the vigorous and unfinished sketching-in of the two stalwart and wild-looking Highland gillies, and the confused glamour cast from the pine torches down upon their master's empty chair, but these points do not reconcile us to vagueness, extravagance, and bad drawing.

Weakness must, we fear, be allowed to be a fault balancing on the other side, such pictures as "A Peacemaker," by Mr. Marcus Stone, and even Leslie's charming group, "The Garland," in the Grosvenor. The former is attractive by reason of the beauty and brightness of its colouring, but there is poverty in its conception; the hero and heroine seem incapable of sufficient passion for even a lover's quarrel, and the incident is spread over too much space. The defect of the other picture named is the lack of point or motive worthy of so much grace and finish in execution, and brilliance in colour. The simplicity of the dresses worn by these three young girls of a past generation stands in happy contrast with the glossy silks, velvets, and satins marking town life at a like period, such as Mr. Blair Leighton and Mr. Claude Calthrop treat us to. There is, however, more than only gorgeousness of attire about the young lady and the young gentleman who in "Too near to be pleasant," are accompanying each other on the guitar and flageolet. The youth's complete unconsciousness of the annoyance he is causing the lady by puffing right into her ear, and her restlessness under the infliction, are rendered with a refined humour held well in check. Mr. Calthrop's domestic scene of the parental lecture being read, some eighty years ago, by a sedately-habited gentleman to his spendthrift and sumptuously-attired son, is a more careful and elaborate study. The young man's dissipated look and free and easy *abandon*, as, with one hand in his pocket,

he argues his case, are so ably hit off as to give promise of good work to come, nor is the skilful point missed of the anxious mother in the distance lingering at the door to hear the result. But in this, as in many other pictures, there is a false principle manifest, to which we wish some time hence to call attention.

We cannot pass by without mentioning two domestic scenes of foreign life, the first being Mr. Farquharson's "In Cairo," where the incident is familiar enough. Egyptian bazaar-merchants are watching with amused and excited faces, and often join in the arguments and recriminations wherewith some indignant master seems overwhelming an unfortunate culprit or servant of his. The composition is rich in the abundance of its detail—streets, groups of turbaned Easterns, articles of every description exposed to view; yet the same vigorous handling with perfect finish characterizes each one in turn, and the head of the central figure is in this respect a masterpiece. "An Artist's Almsgiving," by Burgess, possesses almost an historical importance. The aged Spanish painter, Alonzo Cano, was wont to enter some shop and there make sketches, which he gave to beggars to sell in the neighbouring convents. We are to imagine him, then, seated with a few such not disinterested critics round him, who slightly overdo their gestures of admiration. A bright and waggish peasant boy peers laughingly into the face of one, and a girl leaning against a chair on the opposite side contemplates sympathetically the group before her, while further in the shop a young woman is pricing an article offered her for sale, and a courtier at the back caresses his knee and his moustache, indifferent to either charity or worldly barter. The general effect is quite equal to the painter's best achievements.

If we omit from our list the names of Mr. Marks and of Briton Riviere, it is because they exhibit, this year, nothing really worthy of their reputation. We must allude in passing to the delicious piece of baby life—Mr. J. Clark's "Golden Days," in which two little fat-cheeked cherubs of humble life are squatted on a door step, mutually expressing into each other's faces their intense enjoyment of their red-cheeked apples. Mr. Walter Hunt may also be congratulated on his "Overmatched;" the pugnacious fox-terrier, with uplifted paw, whose nose and ears have already been well-scratched, and the four spirited young kittens are quite alive with cunning *finesse*, keen-eyed watchfulness, and restless preparation for a spring at any moment.

For special reasons we reserve at present our comments on

most of the classical subjects. In the "Cassandra," of Mr. Solomon the female figure deserves all praise, but as a picture it is quite spoilt by the vulgar type after which the exaggerated chest action, and crooked legs of Ajax have been modelled, to express his exertions in bearing off the prophetess from the Temple of Athena. Mr. Collier's "Mænads" likewise we must pronounce a failure. Not so the "Hermes" by Mr. Richmond, which presents to us the supposed god, balancing himself by uplifted hand placed on the pillar of a white marble portico, overlooking the blue sea and distant mountains, whilst with the other he clasps his winged sandals upon his feet. The almost bare figure, well drawn and in easy pose, is full of grace and agility, and the fresh tints find suitable relief against the brownish-red folds of his mantle; the whole figure glows in reflected light. "Ceiling Decoration," though it wears rather the appearance of being mural, should win more praise for Sir Frederick Leighton than it seems to have obtained. Let it be judged as and where it now stands, and as an entablature of ornate decoration, it is exceedingly refined and in perfect taste. The President's account of the gradual completion of the work from his studies of the nude, refutes the accusation of disregard for anatomical accuracy. In this respect, as well as the substance and colour of the flesh, the two winged spirits of Music and Poetry raised above the seated Mnemosyne, mother of the Muses, satisfy us least, and they add to the general impression of lankiness. The Muses of Tragedy and Comedy stand on either side; and the two panels which balance one another are occupied by figures emblematical of revelry and love, all being veiled in bright and richly folded draperies.

We can scarcely deem portraiture to be a subject of sufficient general interest to discuss here, but in any case we should hardly have been tempted to risk the venture, for while our well known portrait painters fairly maintain their credit, not one simply British artist, formed on the lines of English treatment, has added to his laurels, if the tendency has not been rather to deteriorate. Those whom we might have singled out, bear foreign names, or are students in a foreign school. We hope to wander into other fields of comment at an early opportunity.

J. G. MACLEOD.

A Talk on Government.

Father. No, my boy, no use making a mystery, where mystery is none. The origin of power from God is a truth of the natural order, plainly intelligible to an ordinary mind.

Son. Why, father, I have listened to metaphysics talked by the hour on that subject, with no clear or abiding result.

F. So you might on the metaphysical analysis of a gate-post. But the moral side of the question is quite clear. Any one who understands how morality comes from God, can have no difficulty in seeing how civil power is of God also. The one point covers the other.

S. Really, father, since you are so communicative this morning, I would gladly take a small lecture from you, for which, on Aristotelian principles of justice, I shall owe you no fee.

F. We need no mention of God to show that disobedience, lying, and the seven deadly sins are bad things for human nature, and things to be avoided, even if they were not forbidden. St. Thomas says: "God is not offended by us, except for what we do against our own good."¹ All the things that God forbids are against the good of man. Their being evil is distinguishable from their being prohibited, and antecedent to it. Now, as drunkenness and unchastity are evil for man, so too is anarchy. Anarchy is the dissolution of the State, the breaking up of human society. You must not expect me to go about proving that man is a social animal. I have no patience with Paley's "wild boy," Rousseau's "homme sauvage," nor with the parent of them both, Hobbes's ruffian primeval, leading a life "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." I cannot take that to be the natural state of man, which man has every conceivable reason to get out of as soon as possible. Such is the state of solitude: such again, and even worse, is the condition of things where every man's hand is

¹ *Contra Gentiles*, iii. 122.

against his neighbour, and there is no judge in the land. Human nature has its natural evils, and among the foremost of them is anarchy. The one remedy for anarchy is civil government. Even if there were no God, it would be imperatively necessary for mankind to erect political institutions, and to abide by the laws and ordinances of constitutional power. The like necessity there would be also for avoiding murder, stealing, and other crimes.

S. Why, father, you will do for a lecturer on morality in board schools: your system stands without God altogether.

F. Not so, as you would see, if we went down to examine the foundations: that, however, I have no intention of doing, for it is an affair of metaphysics. But I observe that my erection, so far as it has gone, is a thing incomplete, like an unroofed house. We have found the natural fitness, even the necessity, of virtue and civil rule: we have not yet discovered any obligation of being virtuous, or of obeying the powers that be. Obligation puts us in relation with a person: it involves the command of a superior: here is the point from which ethics and politics must go forth to meet God. It is the sublime conception of St. Thomas, to look upon the whole of creation, rational and irrational, as one community, perfect and self-sufficient, whereof God is King and Lawgiver. Creation is in fact the Kingdom of God, and He is a constitutional ruler, governing for the good of His subjects.² A constitutional ruler, I say, because the law that He gives to every creature to guide its action is no arbitrary enactment, but is framed in accordance with the nature of the creature. He bids every creature to act in accordance with its own proper being and nature. But it is clear that by thus acting the good of the creature is secured. All evil comes to a thing from its either itself acting, or being acted upon from without, in a manner opposed to its nature. God commands men to live up to the requirements of human nature, taken as a whole, with due regard to the harmony and subordination of the parts. That is, He commands the four cardinal virtues to be exercised as occasion comes up; and condemns and forbids acts of the contrary vices. By the same precept He forbids anarchy, and

² In strict science, we distinguish between God as King, bearing jurisdiction, and legislating for His subjects' good; and God as Lord, with right of ownership, referring all creation, as being His, to His own glory. Even here the Aristotelian distinction holds, that government is for the governed, but ownership for the owner. At the same time it is not hard to show how the two ends coincide, the final good of creatures with the final glory of the Creator.

enjoins obedience to the civil government. But to enjoin obedience and to bestow authority are the obverse and reverse of one and the same act. God therefore gives the civil ruler power and authority to command. This is the meaning of St. Paul's teaching that all power comes from God.

S. Does the power of an autocrat like the Tsar come from God?

F. Neither more nor less than the power of any other established ruler or body of legislators, as the Sultan or the Spanish Cortes. "The powers that be" are ordained of God, not the powers that might be. Just as for a man to fling away what clothes he has is to fling away all clothes, and to go naked to the neglect of health and decency, so to resist the powers that be, that is, the established government under which we live, is to resist the ordinance of God, appointing that we should live under some power and civil authority.

S. But is not that the "divine right of kings," and "passive obedience," so dear to Stuart courtiers and Laudian divines, and so odious to the friends of English liberty?

F. Not the divine right of kings any more than of democracies. Of "passive obedience" I may speak another time. Meanwhile you will observe that I preach submission to the established government, quite independently of the form in which that government may be cast. I am as loyal to a republic as to a monarchy.

S. I own I have mentioned "the divine right of kings," without any clear understanding of the meaning of that historic phrase.

F. It means, to put it into two words, a *political popedom*. It is a thing brought into the State from the Church, brought in without warrant or propriety, like the golden vessels at Baltassar's feast. The State is the creation of God, the Author of nature. But the form of government is not determined by nature and by God once for all, but is left to be determined variously by the varying circumstances and wills of men. The Church on the other hand is the work of the Redemption, wrought by the God-Man, the Author of grace. He did not simply place men under the necessity of instituting a Church, and afterwards approve of their institution, but He instituted His own Church by His own positive and personal act, and that under one precise form and constitution, the Papal monarchy which He set up in St. Peter: "Thou art the rock, and upon this I will build, and to thee will I

give the keys: feed My sheep." This monarchy is essential to the Church. The Pope cannot give the faithful what is popularly styled "a constitution;" he cannot validly resign, and put out of his own and his successors' hands, one jot or tittle of his spiritual prerogative, however much he may abstain from exercising it: he cannot for instance condition his infallibility on the consent of a General Council, or surrender the canonization of saints to a process of universal suffrage. Any Pope who should chaffer with his rights of heavenly royalty, conveying them by sealed instrument irrevocably to Cardinals or Bishops, or to the holy people of God, would be giving what is not his to give away; and the power would still remain full and undiminished with him and with those who came after to sit in his seat. Such are the inalienable prerogatives of the Papacy. Now, when Henry the Eighth stole the Papal power within these realms, and united it to the Crown, throwing the Pope's mantle over his own royal robes, and blending spiritual and temporal jurisdiction into one, in doing so he made out his rights and prerogatives as a monarch to be inalienable. This is the generation of that celebrated phrase of the Charleses and Jameses, and their ministers, lay and clerical, "the inalienable prerogatives of the Crown." Did Charles the First's subjects button up their breeches' pockets, and swear they would pay no more royal imposts? His Majesty undertook to tax them no more without the consent of Parliament. But then this was only a waiving of rights which could never cease to be his. When Parliaments voted no supply, he dissolved them and stretched forth his royal hand to take his own as before. This came of being King and Pope in one. It drove the English people into rebellion, and cost the King his head.

S. Then, father, is not this alienable prerogative dangerous even in Papal hands?

F. It remains for Him who placed it there to provide for its exercise. This He has done in many ways, and notably by ensuring that persecution and humiliation shall mark at frequent intervals the whole line of His Vicars. The first was a fisherman, and ended his days on a cross: and there are crosses and thorns enow in the apartments of the Vatican at this moment. Besides, the power of levying money and cutting off heads is of its own nature much easier to abuse than that of beatifying martyrs and defining the privileges of our Lady.

S. I suppose the Stuart doctrine of divine right and

inalienable prerogative has long been banished from every Court in Europe?

F. Yes, unless perhaps we are to count Russia in Europe. But a new doctrine has been evolved, of a right not divine, nor belonging to kings, and yet a right of sovereignty, inalienable and absolute as ever Stuart dreamt of, the sovereignty of the people.

S. Sovereignty of the people, a French phrase, is it not?

F. Yes; it is the invention of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, "citizen of Geneva," as he delighted to style himself, a greater name with modern Frenchmen than St. Louis. Rousseau draws a distinction between sovereign and prince. The people collectively are the sovereign, always sovereign, and the plenitude of absolute sway belongs inalienably to them. They cannot part with it, nor with any fraction of it. The expressed will of the majority—and the majority must never be restrained from meeting to express their will—can do anything at any time: it can overturn any institution, set aside any law, revoke any judgment, it can enact anything, and from its sentence there is no appeal. The only thing it can not do is to give away any part of its authority irrevocably to any one else. Accordingly, the prince, that is, he or they to whom the administration is entrusted—for all the citizens cannot administer jointly—the prince, I say, be he Emperor or Parliament, Cabinet or Premier, Chambers, Senate, President, is the mere official and bailiff of the Sovereign People, bound to carry out their mandate in all things, and removeable at their pleasure. The people must meet periodically, not at the discretion of the prince.

"He cannot bar their meeting without declaring himself an open violator of the laws and an enemy of the State. These meetings must always open with two proposals, never to be dropped, and to be voted on separately. The first is: Whether it pleases the Sovereign to continue the present form of government. The second is: Whether it pleases the people to leave the administration to those who are at present actually charged with it."³

S. I understand. As then with the Stuarts the only lawful and valid form of government was absolute monarchy, the King granting to Parliament certain privileges and functions to be held during His Majesty's gracious pleasure, so in Rousseau's eyes the only valid government is absolute democracy, Parlia-

³ Rousseau, *Du Contrat Social*, l. 4, ch. 18.

ment being the puppet and minion of the people, as, on the other theory, of the king.

F. Precisely.

S. But where's the proof of it? How am I to know that Rousseau is right rather than Charles the First?

F. My dear boy, let your father tell you that you are a strange old-world creature if you call for proof of any theory advanced in these days. Is it not enough that my proposals are picturesque, revolutionary, and flattering to the vanity and cupidity of the million? Who wants proof of anything that promises to be for the people's good? However, if you will have proof, I refer you to the *Discours sur l'origine de l'inégalité* and the *Du Contrat Social*. There you will find all about the tropical savage, the normal man, the embodiment of easy-going, the model of liberty: and how this model is to be copied in the present day, by all men, freely and without any constraining influence, undertaking to dwell together as citizens, each renouncing all his individual rights, and giving himself bound hand and foot to the discretion of the majority of his compeers—a crushing of the individual beyond all that was ever attributed to the Jesuits,—and how in being crushed the man finds his freedom, since, as a citizen, he has not, nor can have, any other will or choice than what the greatest number shall decree,—and all this proves, let me see, what does it prove?—

S. Nay, father, it proves a thesis that I remember one of my class-fellows undertaking to defend, that *Gullibilitas humana est practice infinita*. If these are the title-deeds of the people to inalienable sovereign power, the owner had better follow the lawyer's advice: put them in a strong-box, and sit thereon, and show them to no man.

F. To be serious. The best thing we can say of absolute democracy, as of absolute monarchy, is contained in a happy phrase of Sir Henry Maine, that *democracy is a form of government, but not the form*. It is not the *form*, that is, not the only valid form, because no one has ever made out a good case for showing that it is. "The inalienable rights of the people" are as pure a figment as the Stuart "inalienable rights of the Crown." The truth is, there are certain inalienable rights of government, but not of this or that form of government. And why? Because government is an institution natural, necessary, and divine, but monarchy and democracy, kings, parliaments, and

the Referendum⁴ are human conventions, changeable as man's will is changeable and his circumstances alter.

S. Then, father, you think that one form of government is not more natural than another?

F. I will not quite say that. I acknowledge a sense in which democracy, and democracy alone, is a natural form of government, not however as a model state of things, but in the way in which your smooth cheeks and my bald head are natural.

S. That is a queer comparison, father.

F. Whatever you think of it, it points to a great theory, one which though often acrimoniously assailed, has on the whole perhaps been dominant in the Catholic schools for centuries. And, unlike the creations of the Citizen of Geneva, it is a theory backed by argument.

Imagine a number of families living separate and apart, some in isolated farmhouses, some in little villages or hamlets. No authority exists among them beyond what is domestic and local. The father rules his household, and there are certain petty functionaries to whom is commonly referred the settlement of disputes. But no one man, no privileged few, can be pointed out as having power to command all these families together. Farmer Ronald is no more king, president, judge, or lawgiver over the whole than Farmer Donald. But as the families multiply, they must needs enter into closer relations with one another. A medium of exchange must be found, roads made, rights of property defined, offenders must be tried and punished, and common enemies resisted by united forces. A meeting is called, the heads of families attend, and there you have, before any question is raised as to the form of government, a pure democracy of nature's own formation. The sovereign power is in the hands of those farmers taken collectively.

Another example. Suppose the Powder Plot had succeeded, and King James the First, with all the royal family, all the Lords and all the Commons, and the judges and chief officers of the Executive to boot, had all perished together, where would the sovereign authority in England have devolved? It would have devolved upon the nation as a whole. There you have another natural democracy, this one natural like the bald head of an old man: the former natural like the smooth face of a boy.

⁴ "Go for the Referendum, which means—for every adult citizen, one vote—no more, no less—to be given direct for or against any old law or proposed new one. Remember the Referendum" (Socialist banner in Hyde Park, 1885).

S. Now I recognize a theory that I have heard before stated only to be got rid of and explained away. The explanation was this. Where there is no governing body distinct from the mass of the people at large, a government must be formed by popular suffrage. The sovereign power, meanwhile, is not in the hands of the electors: either it is not yet created, or it has altogether lapsed: but as soon as the election is made, sovereignty appears in the person, single or composite, who is the object of the people's choice.

F. Ah, I know the good men who give that explanation. Sovereignty to them means monarchy. They would not formulate the proposition that no other government but monarchy is valid and lawful, but that is the sentiment of their hearts, the unseen and unconscious foundation of their whole political philosophy.

S. Why, father, you're getting violent.

F. Well, let that pass. But I would ask my worthy friends and present opponents, whether the electors can institute any form of government that they see fit, according to the circumstances. If they are not such sticklers for monarchy as I have supposed, they must answer this question in the affirmative. The electors, then, are a Constituent Assembly. They are charged, not merely to name a person or persons who shall govern, but to regulate the form of government itself. They may fix upon a monarchy or a republic, two or one legislative chambers, a wide franchise or a narrow one, home rule or centralization; or they may erect a Provisional Government for five years with another appeal to the people at the end of that term. And now it strikes me they could do something else.

S. What is that?

F. They could impose a protective duty on corn, or endow the Roman Catholic religion, making such protection or endowment a fundamental law of the State, and withholding from the government, which they afterwards set up, the power of meddling with that law.

S. Certainly they could.

F. Then they are not only a Constituent but likewise a Legislative Assembly.

S. They are.

F. And what do you call the power of making laws and moulding the future constitution of the State?

S. Indeed it is nothing less than Sovereign Power, and the very highest form of sovereignty.

F. So you see that, when all other government has failed, or no other government has yet been started, the sovereign power rests with the people, who are a pure democracy, established, not by any positive arrangement, but by the nature of things, merely by the fact of their willing to hold together and be a people and a State.

S. You are in great force this morning, father. I must own myself won over to your view.

F. Nay, don't call it mine; it is the view that the Spanish Jesuit, Francis Suarez, maintained against our lay Pope, James the First. But I think that, in the heat of controversy, Suarez has overshot his mark, when he wants to make out that every government has actually arisen in the way that I have described, so that all power is in its origin the gift of the people. I believe that often the people have had no choice in the matter; they have come under a government to which they were forced to submit, first physically, and then morally, on the principle of stability, because there was no other government for them.

S. You mean that this choice was determined something like the choice of the chapter of an English see, to whom Her Gracious Majesty issues her *congé d'élire* for the election of a bishop.

F. Just so. Even Suarez himself admits that "the royal power and the perfect community (the State) may begin together."⁵ Some governments in Western Europe, among the Teutonic tribes especially, where freedom and equality largely obtained, may have begun as Suarez describes in natural democracy. The first beginnings of the United States, after the separation from England, were something in that fashion; the authority belonged to the colonists as a whole until definite legislatures were established. Wherever a class sets up a State, if they are a part only of the people, the State begins in pure aristocracy; if they make up the whole people, in pure democracy. And wherever one man gathers and endows a perfect community about himself, on condition that they obey him as sovereign, the State begins, as Suarez owns it sometimes may, in monarchy. It is doing violence to fact, to pretend that government necessarily begins in pure democracy, and in no other form. If that is what Suarez means by saying that civil

⁵ *Defensio Fidei*, 3, 2, 19.

power, so often as it is found in the hands of one man, must have come to him from the people, and cannot justly be held otherwise, I really cannot agree with him there.⁶ I don't think it made out that every State was conceived in pure democracy, and was democratic for the first instant of its existence.

S. Just fancy, father, what a fine title you are foregoing for a book on *The Democratic Instant*.

F. You shall write it when I am gone. But I must say, Suarez's account of how all power is the people's gift will scarcely satisfy our modern Radicals. Suarez makes power an heirloom, something irrevocably given away by the remote ancestors of the people, who now are, to the predecessors of the rulers, who now govern them by hereditary right; not a gift continuously welling forth from the favour and goodwill of the living people to the men whom they choose to rule them. The great question is, not where the power came from originally, but where it comes from now. Does the ruler exist as such merely at the people's good pleasure, or is there such a thing as a monarch's right to his throne even against his people's will?

S. In England, at any rate, father, you need go to none of your old books to answer that question. We have a monarch who reigns, but does not rule; and she has a man to rule for her, whom the people change for another, as soon as they get tired of him.

F. True, our modern device of the irresponsible, irremoveable monarch, who can do no act of sovereignty without the concurrence of a minister who is responsible and removeable for the same, turns the flank of the position taken up by the old authorities, who speak of kings that really did govern of their own mere motion. With us the minister goes, and the monarch stays. But what if the minister with the people and their representatives at his back were to insist upon the deposition of the monarch, or even the abolition of royalty?

S. I confess, father, I do not like to face so extreme an hypothesis.

F. Nor do I. And yet I will venture on a solution, which will meet my previous question. I answer, then, it all depends on the constitution of the particular country where the case occurs. And if it so be that the constitution makes no provision for such a contingency, the matter must be settled by amicable arrangement among the parties concerned. Mark my

⁶ *De Legibus*, 3, 4, 2.

words, my boy. *It all depends upon the constitution.* And constitutions vary. The master error in politics—an error common to James the First and Rousseau, to Legitimists and Revolutionists—is to assume that some one particular constitution is the one valid form of all possible governments. Thus we are so much in love with our responsible ministries, that we have got to look upon absolute monarchy as no government at all; and we want to have parliaments and cabinets everywhere, even in Turkey. And we go about asking whether the governing authority exists at the people's good pleasure or not, as though that were impossible, which really is the case, that in one State the government may be at the pleasure of the people, while in many others it is independent of them.

S. You know that Leo the Thirteenth has condemned the supremacy of the people as taught by Rousseau?

F. Yes, I was reading the Encyclical *Diuturnum illud* just as you came in. I, too, abominate and condemn that mischievous doctrine, first, inasmuch as it supposes civil society to be not the natural state of man; secondly, as it rests on the fiction of the Social Contract; thirdly, as it finds in that Contract (a mere arbitrary act of human will) the origin of civil power, to the rejection of the doctrine, at which the author sneers, of the derivation of all power from God; fourthly, as it makes the power of the State the mere algebraic sum of the rights possessed by individuals in the so-called "state of nature;" lastly, as it vests sovereignty inalienably in the people, and thus will own no government that is not, radically and essentially, a pure democracy. That is my renunciation of Rousseau. On the other hand, I do not deny that sovereignty may be vested in the people by the constitution of this or that particular State. If a State in the process of formation, say some infant republic being founded by "outcast London" on the banks of the La Plata river, were casting about for a form of government, I certainly should not advise them to take up Rousseau's plan, keep the sovereignty in the hands of the people, and make the occupant of Government House a tenant at will, liable to be swept away, office and occupant, any day that the people came to vote—I should not advise this constitution, nor yet brand it as absolutely unlawful. I should require a very clear, definite, nay, even possibly a written understanding, of the abiding sovereignty, which the people keep in their hands, and of their power of removing the prince. I should admonish these experi-

mental constitution-makers not to hold up and extol their highly popular form of government as a model which all other States are bound to copy, as being the one government fit for freemen. That position is wholly indemonstrable, except on the hypothesis of the Social Contract, which no one now-a-days accepts. With these provisos I would permit a people to try on Rousseau.

But when I have said that the experiment is permissible, and this form of constitution not unlawful in itself, I have exhausted my praise of it. It is as though I said of a watch that it might possibly go, but that watchmakers would do well not to copy that pattern. Governments are like watches. The one thing necessary in a watch, be it gold or silver or pinchbeck, is that it shall go and keep time. And the fact that renders a constitution admissible as a valid and lawful form of government, is its capability of working and maintaining order in the country over which it is set up. The full-blown sovereignty of the people is only just tolerable, because it is barely a working government. Rousseau designed it for a very small State, so small that all the citizens could be convened habitually in one assembly. Railway and telegraph have removed the need of all meeting in one place. Still the people of a large empire cannot form one sovereign body. Sovereignty of the people means the disruption of empires, and local government pushed to extremity. But, for warlike purposes, no less to prevent war than to wage them, these little States must federate. Federalization is centralization, and that is so much taken off from autonomy and pure democracy. Thus, I say, popular rule cannot manage a big ship, and fails of entire command even of small craft, when they are made up into a flotilla.

Again, pure democracy cannot continue except upon the supposition that one man is much a born ruler as another, which means a levelling down of the best talent of the community, for that is the only way in which capacities can be equalized.

S. A very wasteful and ruinous expedient.

F. Yes, and one that the born leaders of the people will not long endure. Then there is the proverbial fickleness of democracy, one day all aglow, and cooled down the next, and the wire pulling, and the corruption—but bless me, lunch time, I do declare. You rogue, you have kept me prating all the morning, when I should have finished the forty-seventh chapter of my book on the *Weights and Measures of the Siamese*.

JOSEPH RICKABY.

A Modern Martyr.

Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.

PART THE FIRST.

PIERRE MARIE LOUIS CHANEL, the proto-martyr of Oceanica, was the fifth of a family of eight children, and was born on July 12, 1803, at a small village or hamlet called La Potière, and situated in the diocese of Lyons. At his Baptism he received the name of Pierre; later on, when he learned to know and love the Blessed Immaculate Mother, to whom he had been dedicated even before his birth, he took in addition the name of Marie, and at his Confirmation he further adopted that of Louis, in token of his devotion to St. Louis Gonzaga, under whose immediate protection he desired to place himself, for whom he entertained an especial devotion, and whose virtues, as will be seen in the course of the present narrative, God gave him grace to imitate in an eminent degree.

The parents of the future martyr were in a very humble station of life, and so illiterate that they could neither read nor write. Their poverty is evident from the fact that, at the early age of seven, their son Pierre was sent to tend the scanty flock of sheep belonging to the little farm which they cultivated with their own hands, and the produce of which formed the sole means of support for themselves and their numerous family. They could not bestow upon their children the good things of this life, but they gave them far better gifts, since they taught them to fear and love God, and listen with pious reverence to the voice of His Church. Respecting Pierre's father no particulars have been recorded, but his mother seems to have been a woman of more than ordinary piety, and as her son gratefully owned, at a subsequent period of his life, she spared no pains to inculcate upon her children that sin is the greatest of all evils. However pressing and multifarious might be her occupations, she never on any account omitted to perform her

devotions, which she always terminated with the following words: "Take courage, my soul; time will soon be past, and eternity is close at hand." Partly on account of the remote and secluded situation of the hamlet in which Pierre lived, and its consequent distance from any suitable school, partly also because, as we have said, his services were required on his father's farm, he was, when he had reached the age of twelve, remarkably backward and ignorant, as far as human learning is concerned. And yet, who that reads the unpretending record of his childish years, can help asking, in bitterness of heart, whether the modern march of culture, and the universal diffusion of education, does not often give to children, and especially to children of the poorer classes, deadly and soul-destroying gifts in lieu of the ignorance it desires to remove? Where do we now find the absolute purity and total ignorance of evil which distinguished our shepherd boy, whose beads were for years his only book, and whose most cherished amusement was to arrange bouquets of wild flowers and place them at the foot of the statue of our Blessed Lady which adorned his humble home, and before which his morning and evening prayers were invariably said?

But God, who being Himself infinite purity, loves in a very special manner the pure of heart, and who had in store so exceptionally high a destiny for the innocent peasant child, did not long delay to provide him with an opportunity of preparing himself to fill that high destiny aright. Pierre attracted the attention of an admirable and devoted priest, the Abbé Trompier, who, towards the close of 1815, with the consent of Chanel's parents, took him to live in his presbytery, and form one of a small number of boys whom he was educating with a view to training them for the priesthood. From his very earliest years—we might almost say from his infancy—Pierre had had but one reply to make whenever he was asked what he would like to be when he was grown up. "I should like to be a priest," had been his unvarying answer, and great was his joy at finding himself fairly started on the road which was to lead to the far-off but long-desired goal. Yet the change from his father's house proved in many respects a somewhat trying one, and he missed the free life in the open air to which he had grown accustomed. The kindness of the Abbé Trompier was, moreover, not unmingled with judicious severity, and his system of education aimed especially at breaking the wills of his pupils, for he remembered—

what people so often forget now-a-days—that unless self-will is sternly repressed, if not totally eradicated, in early youth, the poisonous root will never fail to bear, in later life, deadly and destructive fruit. The manner in which Chanel received reproof and punishment was uniformly edifying. On one occasion permission to go and spend the day with his family was refused him, because he had written some compositions carelessly. Though bitterly disappointed, he uttered no word or murmur or even complaint, but remarked to one of his companions, "We should be blind and ungrateful indeed if we failed to recognize the kindness which seeks our real good by waging ceaseless war with our defects."

Nothing gave him greater delight than to be allowed to help the sacristan, and he was always ready, on the day before a festival, to give up his hour of recreation for this purpose. Especially did he rejoice to be employed about the altar, and when some one inquired why he always endeavoured to get so near the Blessed Sacrament, "Oh," he replied, in accents of genuine feeling, "because I love our Lord so dearly!" M. Trompier, following the unfortunate practice of the time, considered it unadvisable to allow children to approach the Holy Table at a very early age, and Pierre was, in consequence, nearly fourteen before he was permitted to make his First Communion. About this time he wrote down a plan for his daily life, which he submitted for approval to M. Trompier, and henceforward his zeal in the service of God redoubled, while at the same time the ardour with which he pursued his studies received a new and more powerful impulse. "Truly," writes one who knew him at this period of his life, "to him might well be applied the words of the Wise Man, 'He was beloved of God and of men,' though it was impossible to foresee to how great an extent it would also be said of him in future years, 'Whose memory is in benediction.'"

But the enemy of souls, who, if he leaves the servants of God a temporary respite from his harassing attacks, only does so in the hope of lulling them into a false sense of security, and thus paving the way for a successful surprise, if not for a deadly defeat, ere long made a terrible onslaught upon Pierre, and one to which he well nigh succumbed. He was about fifteen, when suddenly he was seized with a profound aversion for study, and a feeling of absolute and entire distaste for the career which hitherto, as we have said, had been the aim of all his fondest

hopes and dearest aspirations. His wonted cheerfulness entirely forsook him, and he was in a state of such acute depression as to border upon despair. He shrank from confiding to any one the feelings against which he vainly strove, until at last he determined to quit the presbytery for ever, and actually did take his departure unknown to any of its inhabitants. It is impossible to say how fatal might have been the consequences of this rash act, had not Providence arranged that, before the misguided wanderer had gone far on his way, he should be met by the excellent and pious mistress of the girls' school. "Why, Pierre," she exclaimed, "where *are* you going?" "I am going away for good and all," was the moody reply. "Does M. Trompier know of this?" No answer. "Have you told your relatives?" Still there was silence, but Pierre coloured deeply, and cast down his eyes. "Well," resumed the schoolmistress, who suspected there was something wrong, "I do hope you have at least asked our Lady's advice?" There was another pause, more expressive than speech. "Now Pierre," his friend went on, "take my advice for once; go straight into the church, and consult our Blessed Lady." Chanel stood for a few moments irresolute, then turned round, and did as he was desired. Long and earnestly did he pray, sinful and sorrowful as he was, nor was he left unaided. The clouds gradually rolled away, and the horizon became once more clear and distinct. Pierre returned to the presbytery, without his brief absence being remarked upon, for the prudent schoolmistress kept his secret, and, whatever suspicions M. Trompier may have had as to the real state of the case, he was far too wise to give open expression to his surmises. Never again had Pierre the slightest misgiving as to his vocation, and it is not surprising that his filial confidence in her who is the Help and Refuge of Christians should have been increased and strengthened tenfold by this signal deliverance.

In October, 1819, he was sent to the Lesser Seminary at Meximieux. He resided there for five years, and at the expiration of that time was removed to Belley, in order to prosecute his philosophical studies at the seminary recently established in that place. Here, and subsequently at the Greater Seminary at Brou, he spent the period which elapsed until his ordination on July 15, 1827. It is not our purpose to enter minutely into a history of the eight years which comprise Chanel's life as a seminarist, more especially because they

present no external occurrences of a striking or remarkable order, and their tranquil course may well be described in the beautiful words of Holy Scripture, which tell us how "the path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forwards and increaseth even unto perfect day."

Some few particulars, however, illustrative of Chanel's character may fitly be mentioned, and in the first place we must remark upon the charming and natural character of his piety. It formed thoroughly part of himself, and he may truly be said to have been a living exemplification of the truth of St. Augustine's favourite adage, *Ama, et fac quod vis*. Reference has already been made to Chanel's devotion to our Blessed Lady, and the practical extent to which he carried it into the details of his every-day life, together with the unflagging zeal with which he endeavoured to imbue those around him with a like spirit of filial affection, earned for him, during his residence at the Seminaries, the soubriquet of the "Missionary of the Blessed Virgin." Each morning he consecrated to her, on awaking from sleep, the actions of the coming day, and at the head of all his note-books and manuscripts was inscribed, *Auspice Dei Genitricis Maria*. His charity and patience in regard to his fellow-students was alike boundless and unflagging, he neglected no opportunity of showing them a kindness or doing them a service; nor did he shrink from the far harder task of bearing in silence the calumnies and misrepresentations of which he was the object on the part of two or three of the Seminarists, whose mean and unworthy characters caused them to regard him with jealous dislike, amounting almost to positive hatred, and to seek, by every means in their power, to diminish the high esteem in which his Superiors held him. It is hardly necessary to add that these unhappy young men were ultimately expelled from the Seminary, being found in every respect unworthy of the priesthood. One of them, at least, bitterly repented in after life of the manner in which he had persecuted the servant of God, and wrote a letter in which he asked, in words of the most touching humility, pardon for his offences.

Chanel's simplicity was absolute, nor did he ever evince the slightest tendency to conceal or disclaim his lowly origin. On one of the days appointed for receiving the visits of relatives, he was asked for in the parlour of the Seminary, and repaired thither accordingly in company with one of his fellow-students, whose social status was much higher than his own. Both the

young men found their mothers awaiting them, and at the close of the interview, Chanel's companion asked him in all good faith whether the nice clean respectable-looking peasant woman whom he had saluted with so much warmth was his old nurse, or some other ancient retainer of the family? "What an idea!" cried Chanel, with a merry laugh, "that honest country-woman is none other than my dear good mother, to whom I owe so much. My father maintains his family by the labour of his hands, and when I was at home, I used to be employed in keeping sheep." It may, however, interest our readers to know that the mistake was by no means an uncommon one, but that Pierre Chanel was, on the other hand, universally imagined, by those who were unaware of his very humble extraction, to be of good family. Indeed, we can go even further than this, for many of those who knew him while he was yet in the bloom of his early manhood, perceived in him a striking resemblance to that angelic saint who, sprung from the princely house of Gonzaga, despised an earthly coronet, if only he might enrol himself among the sons of St. Ignatius. It does certainly sound strange, but it is none the less true, that the subject of this sketch was very much like the portraits of St. Aloysius. His figure was slight, and singularly graceful, there was a quiet dignity and repose about all his movements and attitudes, which heightened the effect of his pleasing and attractive countenance, with its oval contour, clear pale complexion, and well-cut features, framed in luxuriant brown hair. Another thing to be remarked about Chanel is, that he seemed to be always the same. By far the greater number, even of really good and pious people, have their varying moods; one day they will refuse a petition which the next day they will grant, at one time they will receive a friend with cordiality, at another dismiss him with apparent coldness; and they act thus because they have not attained to that degree of self-possession and self-government which would enable them to repress and control, as far as any outward manifestation to their fellow-creatures in general is concerned, the changeful frame of their own inner self. There is, perhaps, scarcely a more certain note of eminent sanctity, than to preserve, like Chanel, a calm and unruffled exterior, a chastened uniformity, if we may so speak, of manner and language, which show that he who thus bears himself dwells already in that favoured region where the storms

of earth have no power to disturb the atmosphere, but where, as it has been felicitously expressed—

There falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

The Abbé Chanel, as we must now call him, said his first Mass on July 16, 1827, the feast of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, and, at the express desire of M. Trompier, he said it at the same altar at the foot of which he had knelt to receive his First Communion. We may readily imagine the joy which filled the heart of the excellent priest, who had guided the Abbé Chanel during his early youth, and who now saw his patient efforts rewarded, and his brightest hopes realized in the person of his favourite pupil, whom he had been accustomed affectionately to designate as "the flower of the flock." Not long, however, was the Abbé Chanel allowed to sojourn under the roof of his former benefactor, for, on the very day of his ordination, the Bishop of Belley appointed him Sub-prefect of Ambérieux, and he was anxious to obey, with ready promptness, the episcopal command. His stay in this first scene of his ministerial labours was destined to be but of very short duration, for his health began to fail rapidly, and in a manner which gave the greatest cause for alarm, and it was impossible for him to obtain the needful rest, in the midst of the incessant labours which the size of the parish imposed upon its self-sacrificing clergy. It was about this period that the desire which the subject of the present narrative had long felt to engage in the work of foreign missions, began to take a more definite shape, and he, in fact, wrote a long letter to his Bishop on the subject. It was, therefore, with feelings of keen disappointment that he received from the venerable prelate a reply, in which the latter desired him to repair to Crozet, a village situated in the vicinity of Geneva, in order to undertake the sole charge of the place, the inhabitants of which numbered scarcely eight hundred, and were many of them Protestants. His ecclesiastical superiors made this appointment partly in view of the Abbé Chanel's delicate health, and partly also because they wisely judged that his gentle firmness was exactly what was most needed, in order to remedy the grievous evils existing in his future parish. How deplorable was the state of things the following extract from a letter, written subsequently to his martyrdom, and addressed to an old friend of his, by an aged inhabitant of the place, will sufficiently show :

At the time when the Abbé Chanel came amongst us, no one ever thought of going to confession. Even on Sundays and holidays of obligation, the church was almost empty, for those who did not work as usual, amused themselves with dancing, or else spent the day at the public-house. There was no school for the children of the villagers, and they consequently grew up in ignorance of everything except what was evil. Our former priest, though not wanting either in talent or zeal, was somewhat hasty and impetuous, and, for one reason or another, his parishioners had taken such a dislike to him, that they could not bear the sight of his face or the sound of his name, and literally besieged the Bishop with petitions, in order to obtain his removal. But God treated us much better than we deserved, and instead of punishing us for our irreligion and vice, sent among us an angel in human form.¹

Truly it was no easy or pleasant task which awaited the young priest when, in the early part of September, 1828, he quitted Ambérieux, and went to take up his abode at Crozet. The three years he spent there, during which he effected an incalculable amount of good, and, indeed, worked a total change in the state of the place, may be considered as the novitiate of his missionary career, since all those qualities which are most valuable and necessary in regard to work among the heathen, were in continual exercise and incessant requisition.

He combined the most winning kindness towards those who were in error with the most uncompromising denunciation of heresy, in whatever form or shape, for he bore constantly in mind those solemn words of the Church's Divine Head, "He that shall break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven," and He knew that not "one jot or one tittle" of her dogmas and doctrines may be slighted or set aside, disregarded or disobeyed, by those who would call themselves her children. Before many months had elapsed, a considerable number of persons who had been led astray by Calvinist ministers, returned to the true fold, and those Catholics who, without openly abjuring their faith, had ceased to practise it, repented of their sins, and resumed the careful discharge of their religious duties. Richly endowed with that Divine wisdom which "reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly," the Abbé Chanel knew when to be severe and when to exercise a judicious leniency. To quote his own oft-repeated words, he was well aware that "the more we study the human heart the deeper becomes our conviction that even in the most depraved of mankind some

¹ *Vie du vénérable P. M. L. Chanel, premier martyr de l'Océanie*, p. 78.

elements of virtue are still to be found, and that those who appear the most absolutely inexcusable, would be judged with less severity if we could but make due allowance for the manner in which they are overcome by their passions, and carried away by the stress of circumstances." His charity towards his poorer parishioners was unbounded, and of the most practical and self-sacrificing character, as the following incident may serve to illustrate.

"I don't know how it is," his housekeeper said to him upon one occasion, "but several of your things have disappeared lately in a mysterious manner. For instance, I hunted everywhere yesterday for your winter cloak, but I could not find it, and your clothes-chest grows emptier every day." "Don't worry yourself any longer," her master rejoined, "God will not, I hope, permit these things to be lost." "However you cannot do without them until they come to light," replied the servant, and "so I must see about getting you some new ones, but I am afraid I have not money enough." "Please say no more upon the subject," put in the Abbé, "it is my business and not yours. There are so many persons who have not even necessities!" These last words, though uttered in an undertone, did not escape the sharp ears of the servant, who thenceforward abstained from making further complaints, or asking fuller explanations, in regard to the diminution of her master's wardrobe (p. 90).

It is almost superfluous to add that this zealous priest neglected no means of promoting his own sanctification. "For," as he forcibly expressed it, "what is the use of striving to induce those around me to enter upon the heavenward path, if I myself meanwhile do not walk along the same road? Shall I not in that case resemble a sign-post, which while it shows the traveller the right way, itself remains motionless and rots in the ground? Finally there comes a storm, it is overthrown, and, being of no further use, is sawn up for firewood." His efforts on behalf of his parish were crowned with complete success, so that in the closing year of his residence there the feast of Corpus Christi was observed in a manner worthy of that high festival, being celebrated with a pomp and ceremonial not often to be found in a small and secluded country village. The houses were decked with flags, triumphal arches were erected at intervals, the streets were strewn with flowers, whilst the canopy was borne by the principal members of the Commune, and escorted by two companies of the national guard; almost all the inhabitants of the place taking part in the procession, which was

graced by three handsome banners, the work of the indefatigable pastor of the flock. This was in June, 1831, and scarcely five months later he left Crozet for ever, followed by the bitter and enduring regrets of his people; indeed, he was obliged to effect his departure secretly by night, fearing lest they should have had recourse to violence, in the hope of prolonging his residence in their midst.

The sacrifice was, on his part, by no means inconsiderable, but he had long felt that God was calling him to the religious life, and he now, with the full approval of his bishop, joined the Marist Fathers, his ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin having attracted him to a society which bears her name, although it was then but in its infancy. The ensuing five years were spent by him at the Lesser Seminary of Belley, then under the direction of the Marists. At first occupied in teaching the sixth class, he was subsequently chosen Superior, and continued to fill this post until he left Belley altogether, to enter on the work of foreign missions. The story of these five years is a somewhat monotonous one, and offers no event of special interest as far as the subject of this sketch is concerned, if we except the journey he made to Rome in company with the Superior General of the Marists and another of the Fathers, in order that the Rules and Constitutions of their Society might be laid before the Head of the Church, with a view to obtaining his sanction and approval. During his sojourn in the Eternal City, Father Chanel, as we must now call him, experienced a singular attraction for the tombs of the martyrs, and had the happiness of saying Mass at the altar beneath which repose the ashes of the proto-martyr, St. Stephen, in whose glorious footsteps he was himself ere long to have the supreme honour of treading. Did the gracious King, whom he had learnt to serve so faithfully, whisper perchance in his attentive ear that he was one day to be enrolled in the white-robed army? We can but surmise that such may probably have been the fact, for the ineffable communings, which from time to time strengthen the soul of each Christian soldier, and prevent him from growing faint-hearted and pusillanimous when the day of battle comes, belong to those secrets of the spiritual life, in regard to which every one must say, *Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi.*

The 29th of April, 1836, is a day to be for ever remembered in the annals of the Society of Mary, as being that on which Gregory the Sixteenth signed the brief *Omnium gentium salus*,

thus bestowing his formal approbation upon it. A few days later the Holy See entrusted to the Marist Fathers the missions of Western Oceanica. Great was Father Chanel's joy, fervent indeed his thanksgiving, when he heard that he had been chosen to form a member of the band of five priests and three lay-brothers, or catechists, who were to be the first sent out to the distant and dangerous scene of duty and toil, and he only feared lest he should prove unworthy of his high vocation. At the commencement of the summer vacation he resigned the office he held at Belley, and a former pupil of his who was present at the parting scene, has described this touching farewell as one which could never fade from the memory of any who witnessed it. Having offered the Holy Sacrifice for the last time in the little chapel, in presence of the whole community, Father Chanel slowly descended the altar steps, and took into his hands a small statue of our Lady which he placed on a pedestal in face of the assembly. Encircling the image with his arms, he kissed it repeatedly, while the tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks. For several moments the silence was unbroken; the emotion of the spectators may be better imagined than described. "O my Mother," he exclaimed at length, in a voice broken by irrepressible feeling, "my dearest Mother, thou knowest how I love these children whom thou hast confided to my care. Watch over them, I beseech thee, since I am called to leave them, and never suffer them to become unfaithful to thee." He then gave the blessing, and disappeared into the sacristy, to be seen at Belley no more.

In September he made a retreat, and pronounced his solemn vows, and the three following months were spent in farewell visits to his relatives and friends, and in endeavours to awaken general interest in his mission. The day so ardently desired dawned for him at last, and on Christmas Eve, 1836, he sailed from the port of Havre, on board *La Delphine*, bound for Santa Cruz, Mgr. Pompallier, Bishop of Maronea, four priests and three lay-brothers being his companions on board.

The winds proved adverse, the passage was a rough one, and when the vessel cast anchor in the port of Santa Cruz, an epidemic of a feverish nature was raging on shore. Instead of recruiting their enfeebled health, as they had hoped to do, the missionaries all caught the disease, one after another, and suffered from it in a greater or less degree, so that when, on the 28th of February, the signal was given to depart, they were

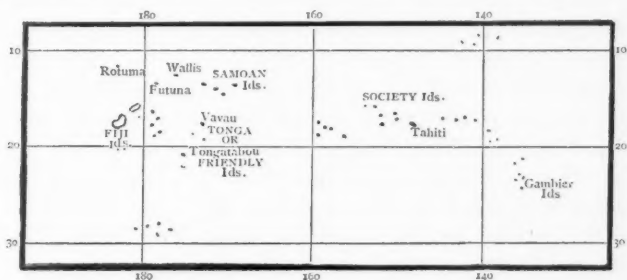
scarcely in a fit condition to resume their journey. To one of the number, indeed, the malady was fatal, for Father Bret, a promising and exemplary young priest, grew gradually weaker and weaker, until he fell asleep *in osculo Domini* on Monday in Holy Week, March 20, 1837. The next morning the Bishop said a Mass of Requiem, and the funeral rites were celebrated in presence of the whole crew. Amid many tears, the remains of the beloved missionary were committed to the deep; the flag was hoisted half-mast high during the whole day, as a token of respect, and, what is more remarkable, the sailors voluntarily abstained from indulging in any of the diversions which are usual to their class upon occasion of crossing the line, and which would in due course have come off that very day. Nor was the impression made upon them by the death of Father Bret a merely transient one. God was pleased to compensate the missionaries for the sorrow they felt at their heavy loss, by making them the means of dispensing treasures of grace to all around. Several of the sailors showed signs of true repentance, after years spent in carelessness and sin, and expressed a desire again to approach the sacraments. A mission was held on board, and was productive of the happiest results, the tone of the entire crew becoming manifestly changed for the better.

On the 28th of June the missionaries landed at Valparaiso, where they were welcomed with open arms by the priests residing in that city, who received them into their house, and continued to show them the most generous and cordial hospitality during the six weeks over which their stay extended. On the morrow of their arrival, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, Mgr. Pompallier sang High Mass, in presence of a crowded congregation, and almost the whole crew of *La Delphine* approached the Holy Table, those who had not yet been confirmed receiving that sacrament in the course of the day. During his sojourn at Valparaiso, Father Chanel wrote three letters, one to the Superior-General of the Marists, in order to relate the circumstances attendant upon the decease of the lamented Father Bret, another to his former pupils at Belley, and a third to his mother. It is to be regretted that our limited space forbids us to quote from these touching and edifying pages, breathing as they do a spirit of ardent faith, of absolute detachment, and of whole-hearted devotion to the work which God had given him to do.

On the 10th of August the little band again put to sea, embarking this time on the English brig *Europa*. Very different, alas! was the atmosphere by which they now found themselves surrounded, for both officers and sailors had a true Protestant hatred for "Papists," and the mere sight of a cassock aroused feelings of the bitterest aversion. Before long, however, this ignorant dislike gave way to friendly regard, and the various members of the crew began to take delight in conversing with the Fathers, some of them even begging to be allowed to be present at Mass, until at last the captain went so far as to solicit the missionary party to chant some of their litanies whenever he was wishing to obtain a favourable breeze. The brig touched at several small islands, the inhabitants of which had already been converted to Christianity by the efforts of the priests who had taken up their abode amongst them. Everywhere our missionaries were received with enthusiasm, and this was more especially the case at Mangarevna, the principal of the Gambier Islands, where, upon landing, they found the beach thronged with natives, the King being at their head. The air was rent with shouts of greeting. "*Salve! Salve!*" they cried; "we are Christians, we are children of the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church! Blessed be Jesus Christ! Blessed be His Holy and Immaculate Mother!" It will readily be imagined how gratefully these accents sounded in the ears of the travellers, and how completely at home they felt among this simple and pious people. The King was moved to tears at the recital of the death of Father Bret. "What have you done with his sacred remains?" he eagerly asked. When told that the body had been buried at sea, he naively exclaimed, "Oh, why did you not bring me so great a treasure?" Then he added, with an expression of the sincerest sympathy, "I wonder you have not all died of grief at your loss!" Reluctantly did the Marist Fathers take leave of the kind-hearted monarch, in order to resume their journey. Their next halting-place was Tahiti, but this island offered a melancholy contrast to the former one, since Protestantism held sway throughout its length and breadth; indeed, it was only as a special favour that the Queen Pomare allowed them to land, and to make a brief stay in her dominions until they could prosecute their voyage, as the *Europa* could take them no further.

At the end of about a week, they succeeded in chartering a schooner, the *Raiatla*, which was to convey them to the scene

of their future labours. Early in the morning of the 5th of October they descried several of the islands of Western Oceanica, and steered their course towards Vavau, one of the largest of the group. Finding a sort of natural harbour, they cast anchor there, and the vessel was speedily boarded by a number of the inhabitants, amongst whom, fortunately for our missionaries, was a naturalized Frenchman, who at once offered to act as interpreter, should they wish to have an interview with the King. His proposal was gratefully accepted, and the reception they met with was so gracious and cordial that before taking leave, the Bishop ventured to ask whether one or two of his priests might be permitted to settle on the island, with a view



to instructing the natives. "You are welcome," replied the sovereign, "to inhabit any part of my dominions; but as far as the instruction of my subjects is concerned, I can give you no definite answer until I have consulted Mr. Thomas." Mr. Thomas was the principal of the Protestant ministers, who had for years been engaged in diffusing their noxious heresies over the island, and as soon as they heard of the arrival of the Marist Fathers, they began industriously to disseminate every kind of absurd and unfounded calumny in regard to them, succeeding only too well in their evil design, so that, to quote Father Chanel's words, "The next time we had an audience of the King, he looked at us with an expression of withering contempt, and told us he had upon reflection decided that it would not do to have two religions in his dominions, desiring us at the same time, in haughty and imperious tones, to quit the island without delay." Not content with driving the servants of God away from Vavau, Mr. Thomas, with a malignity which may be truly characterized as fiendish, advised them to repair to an island where, as they afterwards discovered, fifty or sixty converts to Protestantism

who had been sent thither in order that they might induce the aborigines to embrace their own opinions, had recently been cruelly massacred, a similar fate having befallen the whole crews of two European ships. Yet this bitter enemy of the true religion said to Mgr. Pompallier, before the departure of the latter, "I know only too well that if you were to remain here, you would, before long, win over all my disciples to your way of thinking." What a strange and involuntary testimony was thus afforded to the truth of those words of Jesus Christ, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself."

This painful and discouraging episode in their journey being terminated, our travellers next touched at an island named Uvea (Wallis), and its ruler received them with such genuine kindness, that the Bishop was encouraged to ask whether he might leave two of his followers there. Apparently the King had had some unpleasant experiences in connection with Protestant ministers, for he immediately inquired, with nervous alarm, "Are you missionaries?" When it was explained to him that his present visitors had nothing in common with such missionaries as those, the only ones he had hitherto known, he seemed greatly relieved, and resumed his former friendliness of manner. He assured Mgr. Pompallier that it would give him much pleasure if two of the Marists would take up their abode in Uvea, promising to build for them a house near to his own palace, to supply them with provisions, and take them under his immediate protection. We may here add that he kept his promise in a manner which might well put to shame many an European potentate, though it was with anxious hearts that our missionaries saw the shores of Uvea recede from their vision, since they left there two members of their little band, Father Bataillon and Brother Joseph. The mission proved eminently successful, and was ultimately erected into an episcopal see.

We must now take a temporary farewell of those messengers of the Gospel whom we have in spirit accompanied thus far on their journey. Our next glimpse of Father Chanel, the central figure in the group, will show him to have already arrived at the scene of his brief labours and holy death.

A. M. CLARKE.

Chapters on Theology.

THE CHURCH.

VI.—EXCLUSIVE SALVATION.

WE have seen that Christ established a Kingdom upon earth—a visible and everlasting Kingdom. Its primary and indeed sole concern is with the souls of men. Its mission is to carry on the work Christ set Himself to do, in so far as that work admits of human co-operation. It must apply to souls the fruits of the Redemption: it must teach them the truths Christ taught, urge them to shape their lives according to His doctrines, and place within their reach the treasures of supernatural grace which He appointed. We proceed to inquire now if men are bound to become citizens of this Christian Kingdom. Is membership of Christ's true Church only a privilege which men may accept or lawfully refuse, or is it rather a grave and pressing obligation, neglect of which is culpable, and will be seriously punished?

But it is desirable to define exactly at the outset the scope of our inquiry. The doctrine of "exclusive salvation" has been much misunderstood and grievously misrepresented.

There are many who have never heard of Jesus Christ and of the work which He accomplished. They dwell in lands which the Gospel tidings have never reached, or which have put away the Gospel blessings that had been given them. Isolation, barbarism, or persecution has closed the avenues by which the Faith might reach them. They are born to live and die in heathenism. No thought of Christ or of His Church can ever dawn upon their minds; and no obligation can lie upon them to seek for and enter into a Kingdom whose very existence they utterly ignore. "They will be judged according to what is given them, not by what is not." Other sins they may be guilty of, and for other sins they may be condemned; but this, at any rate, is absolutely certain, that no part of their punishment will be directly due to their having died outside the Church.

Again, many thousands are yearly born into the Church, who grow up in it, share its privileges, and die in it, without having ever realized its claims or professed allegiance to it. There are many subjects of the British Empire, who live under the protection of British law, owe much of their prosperity to British influences, and would experience in case of need the full advantages of citizenship, and who are ignorant of the very name of Britain, nor have ever done any conscious act of fealty to the British Crown or Constitution. After a somewhat similar fashion men may be unconscious members of Christ's Church. They are received into it at birth, through the baptismal rite which Christ Himself ordained; faith is implanted in their souls; and, since "God's gifts and calling are without repentance," He will not of Himself deprive them of the blessing. Other supernatural virtues, too, are infused with faith; the foundations of a life of holiness are laid; and God's grace is ever waiting on and soliciting those who strive earnestly to serve Him. Hence it is that hope takes comfort, even when we look out upon the multitudes given up to heresy and schism, if only the Sacrament of Baptism is held in reverence amongst them. Vast numbers die in childhood, and pass at once to Heaven. Many others, we may hope, will reach there also. For the accident of birth and education and the circumstances of later life may wrap them round with ignorance, which is practically invincible. They do not sin against the light of faith which they received in Baptism, and so the good gift is left to them. They are never without grace sufficient for the observance of God's law; and so may retain His friendship throughout life, or win it back by love and sorrow, if it should be lost. They may do even more than this. Day by day they may advance to a more perfect charity. It is not a bare sufficiency of grace which God offers to His friends; He is lavish in His bounty; and if they choose to take conscience for a guide, and to listen to the Divine whisperings, and obey their impulse, their progress towards sanctity will be great and rapid. Nay more, since heresy and schism may both preserve in varying degrees some portions of the treasure Christ entrusted to His Church—the Written Word, a true priesthood, Sacramental Absolution, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and others—the souls that endeavour, in faith and love, to utilize these heavenly gifts, must draw great spiritual advantage from them.

The doctrine, therefore, of "exclusive salvation"—the state-

ment that it is utterly impossible to please God and gain Heaven outside the Church, does not and cannot mean that visible communion with the true visible Church of Christ is absolutely necessary for salvation. There is undoubtedly a sense in which it must be said that salvation is only to be found within the Church. If the meaning of the term "Church" be widened—if it embrace not only those who constitute the visible society which Christ established, but all who in any way have obtained the gift of faith—then membership of the Church is, beyond all question, necessary. In this sense none are saved who die outside the Church. But membership, in this sense, is quite consistent with external separation; it may be found even in those who reject as errors some of the most distinctive practices and teaching of the visible Church. If they remain without the fold through ignorance, not malice; if, while believing the supernatural truths which they know God to have revealed, they are prepared to believe whatever else may come to them upon the same authority; if they reject other truths because they hold them to be falsehoods; if they refuse to harbour doubts and to push inquiry, because they are convinced that doubt is sinful—then they do in fact believe all Christian truth: the general whole-hearted assent to all that God reveals outweighs entirely the honestly mistaken disbelief of detailed points of doctrine.

But here we must guard ourselves against a twofold error—that the Church is not necessarily visible, and that those cut off from visible communion with her are in a hopeful, even safe, position. Now first: these statements are wholly different—"Christ's Church is not necessarily visible," and "Some members of Christ's Church are not necessarily in visible communion with her." The former is entirely untrue, and we reject it utterly; the latter is absolutely certain, under the limitations we have mentioned. Again, the propositions are surely not identical: "heathens, heretics, and schismatics may possibly be saved, may even, under special circumstances, attain to holiness," and "we may look with pleasure upon such men's state, or feel other than most anxious and distrustful about their eternal welfare." The former we must assent to—we have no warrant to set limits of our own to Infinite Goodness, or to map out the plan by which Infinite Wisdom must work out its merciful designs. The latter cannot meet with our approval—for we cannot shut our eyes to the many grievous dangers that beset

those outside the Church's visible communion, even when they are saved by ignorance from the sin of infidelity.

Our concern, then, at present, is not with such as have never heard the name of Christ or of His Church, nor yet with those who, familiar as they may be with Christian history, have never had brought home to them the wrongfulness of their own position. Our inquiry regards those alone to whom the real character of the visible Christian Church has been sufficiently proposed; who have had its "evidences" so clearly put before them that they cannot reasonably deny their cogency, or have been led at least to question seriously the safety of their present state, and to apprehend the reasonableness and need of fair and full investigation. Of such we say that, if they turn from the light, whether it already shines upon them at the noon-day, or beckons to them at the dawn; if they will not answer to Christ's calling, when He bids them enter into His Kingdom; if they lag behind His grace when He stirs their hearts with doubt; if they let the world detain them, and for respect of friends, or fear of earthly loss, or hope of earthly gain, neglect Christ's invitation — of such the condemnation is already spoken. "Going, preach: the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," was our Lord's commission once to His Apostles; and then He added: "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words: Amen, I say to you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha, in the Day of Judgment, than for the men of that city."

And, in the first place, men are bound to enter into visible communion with Christ's visible Church, when its claims to be His have been made clear to them. Such communion we may take to consist in two things: profession of the faith which that Church holds and teaches, and submission to the discipline which she imposes. In this place we shall deal mainly with the former; partly because we shall have occasion to speak of schism later, partly, too, because unity of discipline is an almost necessary condition of unity of belief, and finally because submission to Church discipline is taught by faith. It is, no doubt, conceivable that a man may be sound in faith, may verbally profess his obligation to obey legitimate ecclesiastical authority, and may even recognize correctly the present holders of authority, while yet refusing to obey. Schism is distinct from heresy. But "pure schism"—disobedience, that is, to Church authority, without any taint of heresy—has ever been extremely rare, and

of its own nature leads rapidly and certainly to one or other form of heresy. It is difficult not to attempt to justify the disobedience; and evil deeds are only to be justified through doctrinal error.

Under the conditions mentioned, men are gravely bound to make profession of the Church's faith. It is evident they must believe it. We suppose them to have weighed the arguments which show that the Church is truly Christ's, to have been satisfied that the arguments are valid, and therefore to be convinced, beyond reasonable doubt, that the faith she teaches is the faith Christ taught, that very faith the Jews were punished for rejecting. Consequently, the Church's faith rests its claim to their belief upon the authority of God; and to refuse assent is to deny that Divine authority. It is from this that the guilt of such infidelity in part arises. When human testimony is adduced in proof of statements made to us, and the existence of the testimony has been clearly though not evidently shown, if we reject the statements as untrue, we do so on the ground that the testimony is insufficient. Our expression of incredulity is taken to imply that we judge the witnesses unworthy of belief. There is a possibility—an abstract possibility—that, as one certainly falls short of evidence, we may, by force of will, have compelled the intellect to dissent. But, practically, that possibility is never taken into account: to reject a statement, which is fully vouched for by human witnesses, is to impeach the witnesses themselves. Now truthfulness in a man is one of the moral attributes which he is least willing to have called in question; and in proportion as his dignity is exalted and his honourable reputation is firmly established, will be the insult put upon him, when his truthfulness is questioned. Why men should so worship truth in theory, before mercy, chastity, temperance, and other moral virtues, may seem mysterious: perhaps it is because they know it to be the necessary basis of social intercourse. For us, however, it is enough, at present, that the fact is so: it enables us to understand the outrage done to God, when falsehood is imputed to Him. It is, no doubt, the case that statements often are denied, when the denial casts no doubt upon the speaker's truthfulness—his knowledge of the facts may be at fault. But even this, in matters of serious importance, implies some moral imperfection: if he be endowed with normal or superior powers of intellect, imprudence and levity of mind alone explain his unhesitating affirmation of what is not as he

affirms it. When, therefore, a truth or body of truth is presented to us as revealed of God, and the arguments adduced make clear that it has been so revealed, our refusal to believe is a denial of God's truthfulness or a denial of God's knowledge; and is, in either case, a most grievous insult offered to the majesty of God. Now this it is which happens, when the true Church of Christ is sufficiently proposed to men, and they refuse interior submission to her. A body of doctrine is set before them, for which God's authority is appealed to, and sufficient proof is brought to make it certain that God's authority stands pledged for it; the sole ground for rejecting the doctrine is the insufficiency of the authority on which it rests; that authority is constituted by the Divine attributes of knowledge and veracity—rejection, therefore, of the doctrine is only logically possible through denial of one or other of those infinite perfections. It is not meant that the denial is a formal and a conscious one. Deliberate, formal denial of a Divine attribute is physically impossible, where the Divine Nature has been rightly apprehended. Tell such men as we consider here, that they affirm God to be either ignorant or untruthful, and they will indignantly repudiate the charge. But by their acts they verify it.

It may, indeed, be urged that such unbelief is merely disobedience. God's testimony is not set aside. We accept it fully; but we choose to act unreasonably, we refuse to be guided by it. We accept His testimony as true, yet reject as false the facts or doctrines to the truth of which He testifies. Such a course, again, is, absolutely speaking, possible; but it is not likely to occur in practice; and at best it is to escape from one form of sin by taking refuge in another.

Nor may he to whom the doctrine is sufficiently proposed suspend assent. Two motives only can be conceived of for such a course—one, that we doubt the sufficiency of the Divine authority, while yet we do not utterly reject it; the other, that God cares nothing whether we believe or not: He makes His statement to us, and necessarily forbids dissent, but leaves us free to take no action in the matter. Both motives are clearly indefensible. It is not less an insult to Almighty God to doubt His knowledge and veracity than to deny them openly. The very fact that He reveals a truth to me, and gives His own authority as warrant for it, is proof that He demands assent; just as Christ's visible appearance to me would be a claim in fact upon my worship and veneration—a claim I should certainly

not satisfy by mere forbearance of positive irreverence. When Christ dwelt on earth, and preached Himself to the people of Judæa that same faith which is His Church's heritage, those among His hearers whom His life and miracles persuaded of the reality of His mission, were bound to yield a full assent to the doctrine which He taught. They were at liberty neither to deny them nor to withhold judgment on them. And the duty which His personal teaching imposed on His contemporaries, the same exactly He imposes on the world still, when He sets before it the same teaching, through the Church His representative.

Further: interior assent alone is not sufficient. Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus were not models for Christian imitation; nor did the martyrs suffer needlessly, and die in vain — though such had been the case, if hidden acts of intellect and will could satisfy the claims faith makes on us. And these appear to be two amongst the chiefest reasons. The great ones of this world take it ill that men should blush at being known to be their servants. They will not have their favours grasped at secretly, as though the recipients were ashamed to acknowledge their indebtedness. They think dishonour is reflected on themselves, when those who owe them everything believe dishonour can attach to a public avowal of dependence. How much more dishonouring must it be to God that His own creatures should not dare to profess their faith in Him; should fear to acknowledge openly the intellectual submission which He claims, and which in secret they are prepared to render to Him?

Again, the Church, as we have seen, was meant by Christ to be and to remain a visible society. Now this it cannot be, unless those who hold its doctrines and share its privileges are joined together by some external bond of union; and no true external union can even be conceived of, which does not presuppose as its foundation, or include as an essential element, the external profession of a common faith, the visible admission by members of the social body that they accept as Christ's the teaching which the Church proposes to them.

From the fact, then, that a Divine revelation, which men are bound to believe and to profess, has been entrusted to a visible society, it appears to follow that men are bound to become members of that visible society.

And the duty of seeking membership becomes clearer still, if we consider not the revealed doctrines only, but the means of grace which have been given into the Church's keeping. It is

not intended, as has been already stated, to limit by idle words God's power and mercy. He is "as mighty still to save," beyond the boundaries of His visible Church, all those who call on Him in faith and love, as He was to show favour, in the older dispensation, beyond the boundaries of His Israelitic Kingdom. But yet it must be borne in mind that the promises of salvation are to the Church, and that the overflowing treasures of Christ's grace have been entrusted to her ministrations. "The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved" impresses on us plainly that those who, like St. Peter's converts, have had the truth brought home to them, must become professing members of Christ's Church on earth if they are to be ever members of His Church in Heaven. And we should have expected it to be so. It was only natural that Christ should guard His choicest blessings for His Church, should store up in her bosom the gifts and graces that were to save and sanctify the world. The sole object of her being was to serve Him as the living instrument of men's salvation. If men, through no fault of theirs, should fail to find her, He would deal with them according to another law, and provide them with every necessary help and remedy through some other channel. But when men had found and recognized her, when they had been led to see that hers are the doctors and the Apostles, hers the grace of healing and the interpretation of speeches, hers the true priesthood and true sacraments, that she is the divinely appointed minister of God's mercies, that in her is the ever enduring light and the unquenchable love that guide to Heaven—if even then they should turn away from her, and bid God to furnish them in some other way with the means needed for salvation, could He reasonably be expected to listen to them, and to obey? Men are surely bound to use ordinary means before they summon God to grant them special providences. A special providence, indeed, seems meant by its very nature for such as cannot, not for such as will not, use what has been already lovingly provided. And hence, among other reasons, the greater sinfulness and greater danger of heresy and schism as compared with other transgressions of God's law. A man murders—he sins grievously; but the way is open to forgiveness, grace waits on his acceptance. A man refuses membership of Christ's true Church—he too sins grievously; but he cuts off, as far as rests with him, the channels by which grace and pardon may be bestowed. Those, then, to whom the true visible Church of Christ has been sufficiently proposed can

reasonably hope for supernatural graces only within the Church's pale; and the duty which they owe their souls, the duty to act wisely and prudently in the matter of their souls' salvation, points to the solemn obligation of becoming members of the Church.

So far we have dealt principally with *a priori* considerations, with the consequences which naturally follow from the constitution of such a Church as we know Christ to have established. Even had He not expressly declared His will, these considerations should be sufficient. But He has declared His will. The words have been already quoted with which He sent out the Twelve to preach the Kingdom to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel,"—words full of warning and of menace for those who should reject the message, and not restricted in their bearing to the times and persons whom He was immediately addressing. Again, when He commissioned them to go forth into the whole world, and preach His Gospel to every creature, and gave the promise of salvation for all who, through their ministry, should believe and be baptized, He went on to pronounce the threat: "He that believeth not shall be condemned." And He would be satisfied with no hidden acceptance of His doctrine. He demanded public confession of it before the world: "For he that shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation: the Son of Man also will be ashamed of him when He shall come in the glory of His Father, with the holy Angels." And it was this open profession of a common faith which was to bind together all His followers in a perfect charity. They were to love one another as He loved them, they were to be perfect in one, they were to be one even as He and the Father were one, and not they only to whom He spoke, but all who shall believe in Him—phrases, all of them, without sense or meaning, if Christians could refuse to hold religious intercourse with their Christian brethren.

Accordingly we find that the Apostles urged unceasingly upon their converts the need of this visible communion. Their entreaties and commands refer, no doubt, directly to those who already shared in that communion; for it does not seem to have occurred to teachers or disciples in the Apostolic Church that men could seriously embrace the Christian faith without becoming members of the Christian commonwealth. But every argument they use and every exhortation they employ is proof of our position: men are no less bound to enter the

true Church, when its truth is first manifested to them, than they are to cling to its communion after they have once entered. St. Paul's first chapter to the Corinthians is an impassioned plea for unity: "I beseech you brethren," he says to them, "by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you, but that you be perfect in the same mind and in the same judgment;" and then, as though foreseeing the later history of heresy, he speaks of some who took the names of individual teachers—of Paul himself, of Cephas, of Apollo, and asks indignantly: "Is Christ divided?" And again, in another place, where he is describing the visible Church, Christ's mystical Body, in which have been placed "some apostles and some prophets and others some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry," he beseeches the Ephesians to hold fast to the Church, and he tells them there is but one, as there is "one Lord, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all." And to the Romans we find him writing: "Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who make dissensions and offences contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and to avoid them, for they that are such serve not Christ our Lord." Even St. John himself, the Apostle of Charity, could feel his anger stirred against such as troubled the perfect union of the Church: "Receive him not into your house, nor say to him; God speed you," he writes to Electa and her children.

But it was rather by acts than words that the Apostles taught this lesson. They formed their converts always into local churches. Each new believer, as he submitted to the faith, became a member of a family—a brother united by ties of love and creed and ritual with other Christians. City was linked with city, kingdom with kingdom, in religious intercourse. A Christian could never be a stranger in an assembly of true Christians, the wide world over. Exclusion from the Church was the heaviest penalty which even an Apostle could inflict; it was the handing over of the separated sinner to the power and to the fate of Satan.

How deeply this lesson sank into the mind of the early Church may be gathered from the concordant testimony of all who touch upon the subject. St. Clement, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, warns those who are separated from the Church: "It is better for you that ye should occupy a humble but honourable place in the flock of Christ, than that

being highly exalted, ye should be cast out from the Hope of His people." The Epistle of St. Ignatius to the Ephesians is one long fervent exhortation to external unity; "Being joined together," he writes to them, "in concord and harmonious love, of which Jesus Christ is the Captain and Guardian, do ye, man by man, become but one choir. Let no man deceive himself; if any one be not within the altar, he is deprived of the Bread of God. He therefore that separates himself from such, and does not meet in the society where Sacrifices are offered, and with 'the Church of the first-born whose names are written in Heaven,' is a wolf in sheep's clothing." Origen would almost seem to have had this passage before his mind, when he wrote, about a century later: "Let no one persuade himself, let no one deceive himself: without this house, that is without the Church, no one is saved." St. Cyprian we have already quoted: "If any man was able to escape without the ark, then he too may do so who is out of doors beyond the Church. . . . He who holds not this unity holds not the law of God, holds not the faith of Father and Son, holds not the truth unto salvation." But Christian antiquity is of one mind here; it is useless to multiply quotations. Let a sentence from St. Augustine close this portion of our inquiry: "Outside the Catholic Church all is to be had except salvation. You may have honour, you may have sacraments; you may sing Alleluia, answer Amen; preserve the Gospels, retain the faith, and preach in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; but nowhere save in the Catholic Church alone shall you be able to find salvation."

It only remains now to say a few brief words about those to whom the true Church has not been made fully known; but who have had some light granted them—enough to destroy their peace of mind, and set before them the obligation of inquiry. Are they safe in refusing to inquire? To refuse such inquiry, lest it should lead to consequences unpleasant to themselves, is cowardice; to refuse it, when the interests involved are so momentous, is worse than folly. If membership of the true Church were but a valuable privilege, we might be justified in declining to pursue it very eagerly. But it is more than a privilege. It is the ordinary means by which souls are saved. All others, since the days of Christ on earth, are extraordinary—only to be hoped for, when the ordinary ones are insufficient or unavailable. If men will starve, when plenty is within their reach, and the way is marked for them by which it may be

found, and a promise has been given them that their search shall not be vain—their death must lie at their own door; no blame can attach to Providence. Nay, more, they will have sinned most grievously against the great law of self-preservation; they will have been guilty before God of self-inflicted death; they will have to answer for a crime, unless it should appear they were mastered by a folly—the hope that God would work an useless, hurtful miracle.

P. FINLAY.

Manresa and Montserrat.

THERE is no more picturesque town in all the peninsula than Manresa. It scrambles up the mountain's side, its roofs and towers are heaped in most artistic irregularity one upon another, below rushes the turbulent and impetuous river, and all about is the wild mountain scenery of Cataluña.

Notwithstanding it is a manufacturing town, with a thrifty, industrious population, it is by its very nature intensely conservative; they could not get the railway into it, but had to stop on the other side of the river, which reminds one of that most conservative and ancient of all Spanish cities—Toledo—the crown of Castile. And when one has crossed the high stone singular bridge, with a beautiful carved stone cross at the end, and toiled up the winding road into the town, he finds the streets narrow, impassable for carriages, well paved and veritable footpaths, overshadowed by tall balconied houses. There can never be any tramways or elevated railways in Manresa, however much "progress" she may make.

In other days a bishop had his seat here; and the stately old yellow cathedral church still stands upon a great pile of black rocks, with a steep plaza in front of it, and commands a magnificent view of all the fertile valley below, and over against the sky rises the ragged crest of Montserrat, split and riven in a score of jagged fantastic peaks; black, bare, and grand, it dominates all the scene.

On one side of the church is the doorway of the first cathedral, built in the eleventh century. The capital of one of the columns, representing Eve giving of the fruit to Adam, is very quaint and characteristic; the present church is of the fourteenth century, and is remarkable first from the fact that it is the widest single span ever built in a church with aisles and clerestory. The effect of the noble, simple sweep of the single arch is grand and imposing in the extreme, and perfectly unique. Then there is an altar frontal of superb workmanship,

representing the Crucifixion and eighteen scenes from the Old and New Testaments ; the inscription is in Lombardic capitals : *Geri : Lapi : Rochamat : Ore : Me fecit : in Florentia :* Some of the old glass still remains, and the daylight is mellowed into richly sombre twilight, that charitably softens the touches of time, and mysteriously lightens the ancient images, the effigies of bishops, and the ascetic faces, that the old Spanish masters knew so well to paint. Even the rude figures of Apostles in distemper, which fill in the blind arches of the choir, and which, I am sure, would be intolerable in full daylight, have great dignity.

But it is not to visit collegiate churches, however attractive they may be, that one comes to Manresa. All is swallowed up by the personality of St. Ignatius of Loyola. The odour of his sanctity fills the air. The sense of his presence is powerfully acute, and on every street in the place rests the benediction of his footprint.

First, let us go to the College, a great well built structure, which the Fathers of the Society still inhabit, although they occupy the rather unique position of tenants of their own property. Father Jacobus Maas is fittingly at the head of the hard-working community ; distinguished by courtesy and dignity, his birthright as a Spaniard, and by learning and affability, the characteristic marks of his Order, it was true Castilian hospitality with which he received us. A part of the old hospital where St. Ignatius was, is still preserved, and the spot where he was in an ecstasy for eight days, is now the chapel called "El Rapto." Here, on the very stones of the pavement, lies a life-like figure of the Saint. Close by is the place where he taught the poor of the hospital, just by the door is the stoup in which he dipped his hand.

After the long tramp in a blazing sun, it is very grateful to walk through the wide, cool corridors, and see familiar faces looking down upon one from their canvasses ; here is Pedro Ribadeneyra, and next St. Thomas, and after them a long succession of martyrs and apostles of the Society.

From the college a crooked street leads by the spot where St. Ignatius was ill, an altar built in the wall of the house marks it, and a little further on is "El Pozo," where he performed the miracle of the chicken. One day a maid servant was sent to fetch a hen from the market ; on the way home the fowl escaped, and in its excitement flew into the open mouth of this stone well ;

the servant was of course in great distress, fearing to go to her mistress with neither money nor chicken, and fell to weeping. St. Ignatius came by at that moment, and on learning the trouble, he looked into the well and called on the water to come up to the mouth, which it at once did, with the chicken floating on top. Just over the altar by the place is a painting, executed with more conscience than talent, representing the scene: St. Ignatius is carefully lifting out the dripping chicken, the maid's tearful face is wreathed in grateful smiles, whilst the neighbours appear in divers doorways and windows, saying their beads, and gazing on the sight with looks of pious edification.

As St. Ignatius was coming down from Montserrat, still uncertain as to his immediate movements, our Lady directed him to a certain cave high up in the face of the rock, by Manresa. Here he wrote the *Spiritual Exercises*. The open side of the cave has been built up and presents a wall of most rich and fanciful architecture. The interior has been preserved as nearly as possible in its original state; the roof and sides are of the natural rock; at one end is an altar, above which is a relieve in marble of St. Ignatius writing the *Exercises*.

Above the cave, on terraces of various levels, is the convent and church. From the plazuelo in front of the church one sees the monastery of Montserrat, high up the mountain side.

After twenty minutes from Manresa, the train puts one down at Monistrol Station, from whence there is a conveyance to Montserrat; a strange sort of vehicle, pretty much like the funereal "tartana," in which one is bumped about the streets of Valencia.

It is a long pull of more than three hours up the tortuous mountain road, and a dismal one too; shut up in this black box, the top of which is so low that to sit upright is out of the question, and the only chance of a view is from the little window in the back, which offers but a strip of stony road, and a small piece of sky.

It must be confessed Montserrat is disappointing: not the mountain, not the views which are marvellous, but the building of the monastery itself, which resembles nothing so much as an overgrown factory.

It is perched upon such a very inaccessible elbow of the mountain that one is constrained to wonder how they ever got it up there, and certainly its most conspicuous merit is its solidity and the honesty of its masonry. The French set fire

to it and tried to blow it up, but only some of the interior was destroyed, and the great skeleton of the walls stands as firm as the living rock upon which it rests.

Up many flights of stairs there is a corridor "al fresco;" standing there, all Cataluña, like a great sea wind-tossed, and suddenly changed to rock, is before one.

Far down in the valley winds the river like a silver riband, the miniature village of Monistrol nestling amongst its vines, off to the east the blue Mediterranean shimmering in the sunshine, and far out at sea, so as to be but an outline above the water, is the island of Mallorca.

The beauty of the scene is superlative. In the church is the statue of Our Lady of Montserrat, which was made by St. Luke, and brought to Spain by St. Peter in the year 50. At the time of the Moorish invasion, the Christians hid it, and it was again found in 880. The Bishop of Vique intended to carry the image to Manresa, but the Blessed Virgin indicated Montserrat as her favourite shrine. It was here, before her altar, that St. Ignatius watched, and laid his sword, before founding the Society.

The Benedictine school of music has always been renowned throughout Spain, and has probably never been in so good state as now. The singing of the *Salve* is never to be forgotten.

I remember but one thing more exhilarating than walking down Montserrat, and that is sliding down the icy cone of Popocatepetl on a "patate."

Free from the lugubrious tartana, the road firm under foot, the grass by the sides spangled with wild flowers, and the unparalleled panorama before one, it is a joyous tramp of but an hour, now and then, where the road takes a too generous bend, making a short cut by plunging through the fragrant laurustinus, box and lentisc bushes.

Truly do the Spaniards call the sacred spot, "La maravilla de Cataluña."

F. A. S. MAC NUTT.

Three Virtues.

IF one had only Faith,
Eyes to see, ears to hear,
All things were light and sweet to bear,
Even Death :
All things dark were made bright and clear,
Ah me, even Death !
If one had only Faith,
And not an empty breath !

If one had only Hope,
To lift one's eyes, and see
Beyond the murk and misery,
The dawn's gates ope,
The hills stand everlastingly.
If one had only Hope,
To look beyond, and see
The meetings there shall be !

If one had only Love,
To turn in tears and pain,
And trust Him with His own again,
Ungrudging thereof :
His own for whose sake He was slain
On yon grey hill above.
If one had only Love,
And not a show thereof !

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A Maryland Pioneer.

I.

IN the colonial records of Maryland we find frequent allusions made to Thomas Copley, Esquire. That this gentleman was held in high esteem in Lord Baltimore's new colony, no one of the numerous writers who incidentally refer to him ever seems to doubt. He was more than once invited to take a place at the council-board of the legislators of Maryland. In January, 1637, he was summoned to the "General Assembly held at St. Marie's City," but "Robert Clerke, gent., appeared for him, and excused his absence by reason of sickness." From stray notes found in the annals at Annapolis we learn that he was on intimate terms of friendship with some of the "two hundred gentlemen adventurers" who, in 1633, sailed from England as passengers of the *Dove* and *Ark*. Yet, strange to say, up to a recent date his character and profession were involved in much mystery. Most of our Catholic authors rightly surmised, from his association with Father Andrew White, "the Apostle of America," that he must have been a Jesuit missionary. But they could give very little more information concerning him. Not a few Protestant historians boldly asserted that he was an accomplished agent in the secret service of the sons of Loyola. Sebastian F. Streeter, however, who had access to some reliable documents, says, "Notwithstanding his title of 'Esquire,' Mr. Copley was a Jesuit priest." What rendered Copley still more mysterious was the fact, that the Maryland Jesuits, in their reports, or Annual Letters, never even once made mention of him. With no small degree of satisfaction we shall now trace, as far as we can, the career of one who has long puzzled historians, and much of whose history has long been hidden under the assumed name of Philip Fisher.

Father Thomas Copley was born at Madrid, in Spain, about the year 1594. His grandfather, Lord Thomas Copley, Baron

of Welles, was son of Sir Roger Copley, of Gatton in Surrey, and of Elizabeth Shelley, sister to Sir William Shelley, the last English Lord Prior of St. John of Jerusalem. Lord Thomas had to go into exile on account of his steadfastness in the faith, and had much to suffer from the enemies of the old religion. He had to sustain great losses, though he had married one of Sir John Lutterel's daughters—an heir of blood royal. On his mother's side Father Copley had also a distinguished ancestry. His mother, Margaret Prideaux, was the grand-daughter of Margaret Giggs, "a gentleman's daughter of Norfolk," who appears by Margaret Roper's side in Holbein's picture of Sir Thomas More's family. The great Chancellor thus referred to Margaret Giggs in his last letter: "I send now my good daughter Clement her algorism-stone, and send her and my godson, and all hers, God's blessing and mine." Margaret Giggs, or as she was known after marriage, Mrs. Clement, was a heroic Christian woman. While the Charterhouse monks were in prison, having bought over the gaoler, she daily visited them in their cells. To do this the more securely, she disguised herself as a milkmaid, and carried on her head a basket, which contained meat for the poor captives. Suspicion being aroused, and the gaoler growing afraid of a fatal discovery, she was at length refused permission to enter the prison. But by her importunity, and presents, she obtained the gaoler's consent to ascend the roof and through it to give some little help to the holy confessors who were bound hand and foot to posts. Mrs. Clement, on account of the growing persecutions in England, retired to the Low Countries—forsaking for love of conscience, country, livings and rents. She died at Mechlin and her body was laid to rest behind the main altar of St. Rumold's Cathedral. Several of her children survived her. One of her daughters, Winifred, married Sir William Rastall, nephew and biographer of Sir Thomas More. Another daughter was the holy and gifted Mother Clement, Prioress of the Augustinian nuns of St. Ursula, Louvain. Helen, a third daughter, married Thomas Prideaux of Devonshire. Of this couple was born Magdalen, an only daughter. This young lady passed a great part of her early life in the peaceful cloister of St. Ursula, Louvain, under the protection and guidance of some of England's noblest daughters. "She had education to many rare qualities, for she was a fine musician, both in song and instruments, had the Latin tongue perfect, also poetry,

and was skilful in the art of painting; a woman, indeed, wise, of good judgment, and pious in godly matters." This accomplished woman was destined to be the mother of the subject of this sketch.

William Copley, the future husband of Magdalen Prideaux, "coming into England," after the death of Lord Thomas, his father, "to enjoy his inheritance, being not twenty-one years of age, and finding that to pass the Court of Wards he must take the oath of supremacy, not having as yet experience how to escape that danger as others do, determined rather than commit such an offence against Almighty God, to venture the loss of all his land for his lifetime, so that he might enjoy freedom of his conscience. Wherefore, behold in this resolution this constant youth, most loyal to God, letteth forth all his leases for small rents, taking fines in the place, so maketh a good sum of money, and over the sea he comes with one trusty servant and goeth into Spain, where God ordained that he got a pension in respect that his father's worthiness had been well-known to strangers." While in Spain William Copley met Magdalen Prideaux, and took her as his wife.

"In the meantime," says *St. Monica's Chronicle*, "the Queen seized upon William Copley's living and gave it away to a cousin—german of his that lived in her Court, named Sir William Lane, so that for seventeen years the said William Copley enjoyed not one penny of his estate, but having four children by this his marriage, two daughters and two sons, he maintained them only by his pension. At the coming of the Infanta with Albert, the Archduke of Austria, to be princes of these Low Countries, he got his pension transferred into these quarters, for to be nearer home, and so came to live in these Low Countries."

When Thomas Copley had reached his ninth year, he went with his parents to reside at the ancestral seat at Gatton. Of his boyhood's years in England I find nothing recorded. It is almost certain, however, that he received his early education, both secular and religious, from some proscribed priest who acted as chaplain in his paternal home. The influence of his own family must have at an early hour turned his thoughts towards spiritual things, while the story of all that his heroic progenitors had endured for the cause of the ancient religion of England must have aroused his enthusiasm, and kindled in his young soul the fire of high and generous resolves. The stern

laws against Catholic education in England forced him to proceed to the Continent to pursue his higher studies. As his fathers had gone into exile for the sake of their religion, he now went forth into a strange land for the love of knowledge. In 1611, we find him among the students of philosophy at the famous University of Louvain. About one year previous his two sisters, Mary and Helen, had entered St. Monica's Convent in the classic city by the Dyle. These were accomplished and brave girls—worthy descendants of Margaret Giggs. On their way through Southwark they were examined by a Justice of the Peace, and boldly professed their faith, and refused to go to a Protestant church, "because they would not be dissemblers; to be in their minds of one religion, and make a show of another." While young Copley pursued his philosophical studies under some of the most distinguished professors of Europe, then at Louvain, we may feel certain that he did not fail to practise those virtues which renders a soul pleasing to its Maker. Perhaps, even then he envied the lot of those brave missionaries who faced the axe and block in the heart of London. We cannot think that he read of the fate of his kinsman, the holy and gifted, and gentle Robert Southwell without a strong feeling of emulation. At all events, a time came, when he was in the flush and pride of young manhood, when he heard an interior voice that called him away from the vanities of life, that called him to take up his cross and walk in the footprints of his Master. Did he pause, or waver, or grow faint-hearted as many a young man has done when called to a life of penance, mortification, and trial? Did he look with terror on the death that, perhaps, awaited him? No, the blood of confessors of the faith, the blood of martyrs, ran through his veins, and filled his heart. With a light step and beaming eye he climbed up the stony stairs that led to St. John's Novitiate, on Mont-César, Louvain, and asked to be enrolled among the sons of St. Ignatius who were there preparing themselves in prayer and mortification for the death-mission in England.

When the English Jesuits were driven from their own country, in 1607, they rented a house on Mont-César, Louvain, and used it as a Novitiate. This Novitiate was opened by the illustrious Father Parsons, in the same year, with six priests, two scholastics, and five lay-brothers. Already one of its novices, Father Thomas Garnett, had shed his blood for the faith. It had sheltered, too, among its novices, Father Andrew White,

the future "Apostle of America," and Father Henry More, the historian of the English Jesuit Province, and the great-grandson of Sir Thomas More. To this school of martyrs and apostles young Copley begged to be admitted, and was received, and welcomed as a worthy son. He had Father John Gerard as his novice-master. This holy and remarkable priest had had a career of thrilling and romantic interest. It has been said by a recent writer, that his life "is equal to anything which has been published since the days of Defoe." His prison-life, his manifold and skilful disguises, his escapes from spies and priest-hunters, his stolen visits to the faithful nobility and peasants, form a chapter in history which is stranger than any fiction.

After two years of novitiate, Thomas Copley bound himself for ever to the service of God by the holy vows of religion. Having completed his theological studies at Louvain, he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. Though on his entrance into religion, he assumed the *alias* Philip Fisher, we prefer still to call him by his real name, and so we note that soon after his ordination Father Copley was sent on the English Mission. From Gee's strange composition, *The Foot out of the Snare*, we learn that, in 1624, he was once again in the land of his forefathers.—"Father Copley, Junior, one that hath newly taken orders and come from beyond the seas," is in London. The life of Father Copley in England was replete with pain and peril. There were men in London at that period who lived by hunting down priests and religious. Heartless spies were found everywhere. They loitered around inns, hung around the castles and manors of Catholic gentlemen, and ferreted out monks and friars from the most secret quarters. It was a hard task for Jesuits, even beneath their strangest costumes, and in their most diverse pseudo-avocations, to escape these wretches. It was in that same year of 1624 that Father Henry Morse, on his arrival in England, in quest of souls, was captured, and cast into York Castle, in which he suffered from severe hunger and cold for the space of three years. This same zealous priest was, after some years, again taken prisoner and condemned to death. His body was divided into quarters, and exposed on four of the city gates, and his head affixed on London Bridge.

Father Copley was in England during the excitement and troubles which were created by that bugbear—*The Clerkenwell Discovery*. He may, indeed, have been one of those Jesuits who were at that time thrown into prison through the machinations

of Sir John Cooke. Father Thomas Poulton, his kinsman, was one of the priests who were committed to the new prison. That Copley's life and liberty were in continual danger is evident to every one acquainted with the history of the times of which we speak. Doubtless it was owing to great dangers and troubles that he, through the influence of powerful friends in Court, obtained from the King the following document :

Whereas Thomas Copley, gentleman, an alien, is a recusant, and may be subject to be troubled for his religion ; and forasmuch as we are well satisfied of the conditions and qualities of the said Thomas Copley, and of his loyalty and obedience towards us, we hereby will and require you, and every one of you, whom it may concern, to permit the said Thomas Copley, freely and quietly, to attend in any place, and go about, and follow his occupation, without molestation, or troubling him by any means whatsoever for matters of religion, or the persons or places of those unto whom he shall resort, and this shall be your warrant in his behalf. Given at our palace of Westminster, the 5th day of December, in the 10th year of our reign (1633).

II.

The history of Lord Baltimore's colony is too well known for us to give it here. American Protestant historians have loved to tell how a Catholic nobleman founded on the banks of St. Mary's River, "the only home of religious freedom in the wide world." Though Father Copley did not sail for the New Continent for three years after the *Dove* and *Ark* had entered the Potomac, and the "First Mass" had been offered on St. Clement's Island, still it is likely that from the very beginning he took a deep interest in the Maryland expedition. Lord Baltimore had obtained Jesuits to attend to the inhabitants of his new settlement, as well as to the redmen who dwelt on the Patuxent River, and along the shores of the Chesapeake. The superior business capacities of Father Copley must have been utilized by Father White, and the Catholic colonists, before they spread out their sails off the beautiful Isle of Wight. But soon he was called upon to take a more active part in the Catholic colony. In 1636, under the *alias* of Philip Fisher, he was appointed Superior of the Maryland Mission. On arriving in the new field of his labour, he took up his residence at St. Mary's City, the ancient capital of Maryland. The *wigwam* of an Indian chief, which Father White had converted into a chapel, served him as a place of Divine Service. Through the prudence

and zeal of Father Copley, great piety, fervour, and peace soon reigned among the inhabitants of St. Mary's. Many of the leading gentlemen there made the Spiritual Exercises, according to the method of St. Ignatius, and became exemplary Catholics. "As for the Catholics," say the Maryland Annual Letters for 1639, "the attendance on the sacraments here is so large, that it is not greater among the faithful in Europe, in proportion to their numbers. The most ignorant have been catechized, and catechetical lectures have been delivered to the more advanced every Sunday; on feast-days they have been very rarely left without a sermon. The sick and the dying, who were numerous this year, and dwelt far apart, have been assisted in every way, so that not a single person has died without the sacraments. We have buried very many, but we have baptized a greater number."

It may not be out of place to note the fact, that many of the early missionaries of Maryland were of gentle blood. Many of them were born in lordly homes, amid the rich and beautiful fields of old England. It is a historic truth, that some of them were the lineal descendants of those brave knights who accompanied Richard, the Lion-Hearted, into Palestine, and fought under the red cross banner on the plains of Ascalon. Some of them could trace their noble pedigree back to the time when William the Conquerer landed on the shores of Britain. Not a few of them were allied by blood to one or other of the royal families of the British Empire. But better still, some of their number could count among their kinsmen, heroes who died as martyrs for the faith of Christ. When we call to mind how many of Maryland's missionaries were in youth nursed in the lap of luxury, how they were loved and honoured by vast numbers of servants and dependants, how their every wish was gratified by indulgent parents, we can more fully realize their sacrifice in coming on the mission, we can better appreciate the zeal which enabled them to endure the hardships and trials of their daily toils and duties. Among the missionaries of Maryland we find a Copley, three Poultons, a Moseley, a Knight, a Fitzwilliams of Lincoln, an Atwood of Beverie, a Forster of Suffolk, a Thorold, a Whitgreave, a Molyneux, and several members of the Brooke family. A desire to recall bright examples has forced us into this digression.

In 1638, Father Ferdinand Poulton, *aliases* John Brock and Morgan, was appointed Superior of the Mission in place of his

kinsman, Father Copley. Father Poulton was a man of great zeal. In one of his letters, he says: "As much as in me lies, I would rather, labouring in the conversion of the Indians, expire on the bare ground, deprived of all human succour and perishing with hunger, than once think of abandoning this holy work of God from the fear of want. May God grant me grace to render Him some service, and all the rest I leave to His Divine Providence." This worthy missionary was accidentally shot whilst crossing the St. Mary's River, in 1641.

In 1639, Father Copley was again named Superior, and resided at St. Mary's City. Father Poulton lived with the Proprietary, at Mattapany, on the Patuxent. Father John Altham on Kent Island, and Father Andrew White in the palace of the Indian king, whom they called Tayac, at Piscataway, on the Potomac, almost opposite Mount Vernon.

Father Copley had, to a great extent, to confine his labours, at least for some years, to the English settlers at the capital of the province. Most of the Protestants who came from England, in 1638, were converted by him. "To Father Philip Fisher," says the Annual Letters for 1640, "now residing at St. Mary's, the capital of the colony, nothing would have been more agreeable than to labour in the Indian harvest, if he had been permitted by his Superiors, who could not, however, dispense with his services. Yet his goodwill is not left without its reward, for while those among the Indians, of whom we have spoken, are being cleansed in the waters of Baptism, as many are, at the same time, brought back from heretical depravity, into the bosom of the Church by his active industry."

In the course of time Father Copley began to make excursions through the country for many miles around St. Mary's. With true zeal he laboured for all the settlers and the Catholic Indians, who lived between St. Mary's City and Charles County. In wills and other legal documents I trace his footsteps in places far apart. At Calverton Manor, which stood at the head of the Wicomico, he was always a welcome guest. The proprietor, the Hon. Robert Clerke, loved and esteemed him for his many virtues and shining qualities. At Calverton Manor the zealous missionary occupied a chamber which was known as "The Priest's Room." At the head of St. Clement's Bay he gathered his flock at the hospitable home of Luke Gardiner, who owned a farm there of about two hundred acres. The distinguished Governor, Thomas

Green, seems to have had a special regard for him. This gentleman gave him several presents for the benefit of his church. Cuthbert Fenwick, one of the grand old Catholic founders of St. Mary's, was his intimate friend, and acted for a long time as his trustee. Few names in Maryland history shine with a brighter lustre than Cuthbert Fenwick. "Mr. Fenwick was one," says the Protestant author of the *Day-Star*, "who breathed the spirit of Copley, of Cornwallis, and of Calvert."

Without having passed through the red fire of persecution, a glory would be wanting to the early missionaries of Maryland, which is never wanting to truly apostolic men. Without their having suffered for justice' sake, we should miss a halo from their heads, which is never missing from the heads of the heroic followers of the Victim of Calvary. Early, indeed, did the light and glory of persecution shine round about the apostles of Maryland. As the Parliamentary party grew strong in England, so did the violence and intolerance of the Puritans increase wherever the British flag was raised. Even from the very beginning the missionaries and the Catholics in general began to suffer in southern Maryland from the bigotry and Pope-hatred of the Protestants of Virginia and the "saints" of New England, who were invited to take a peaceful abode among them. Not much more than a decade of years after that memorable day on which Father White, amid hymns and prayers, planted the rude cross on Heron Island, "he was seized by some of the English invaders from Virginia, the avowed enemies of civil and religious liberty, and carried off a prisoner to London." Father Copley was taken with Father White and sent back to England in irons. This was the seal of a true apostleship put upon his devotedness and labours.

"In 1645," say the Annual Letters, "the civil war was raging in all the counties of England, with the most savage cruelty on the part of the Parliamentary rebel soldiers, universally against Catholics. Not a few of the Society were seized and committed to prison. It extended even to Maryland, where some heretical zealots, to curry favour with the Parliament, carried off two of our Fathers, viz., Andrew White and Philip Fisher, whose family name was 'Cappicius.' Both were brought to England and tried, but acquitted on urging that they had not entered England of their own accord, but had been forcibly and illegally brought thither. Father Fisher boldly returned to Maryland, but Father White was not allowed to do so on

account of his advanced age, and he died a few years later in England."

Where Father Copley spent the interval between 1645 and 1648, I know not: Certain it is that he did not return to America before 1648. Perhaps he worked secretly on the mission in England, or probably in some Jesuit house on the Continent. The following letter, addressed to the General of his Order, Father Vincent Caraffa, gives an account of his arrival in Maryland, and we trust is interesting enough to be reproduced in full:

Our Very Rev. Father in Christ,—At length my companion and myself reached Virginia, in the month of January, after a tolerable journey of seven weeks; there I left my companion, and availed myself of the opportunity of proceeding to Maryland, where I arrived in the course of February. By the singular providence of God, I found my flock collected together, after they had been scattered for three long years; and they were really in more flourishing circumstances than those who had oppressed and plundered them. With what joy they received me, and with what delight I met them, it would be impossible to describe, but they received me as an Angel of God. I have now been with them a fortnight, and am preparing for the painful separation; for the Indians summon me to their aid, and they have been illtreated by the enemy since I was torn from them. I hardly know what to do, but cannot attend to all. God grant that I may do His will for the greater glory of His Name. Truly, flowers appear in our land; may they attain to fruit. A road by land, through the forest, has just been opened from Maryland to Virginia; this will make it but a two days' journey, and both countries can now be united in one Mission. After Easter I shall wait on the Governor of Virginia on momentous business, may it terminate to the praise and glory of God. My companion, I trust, still lies concealed, but I hope will soon commence his labour under favourable auspices. Next year I trust to have two or three other colleagues, with the permission of your Paternity, to whose prayers and sacrifices I earnestly commend this Mission, myself, and all mine.

Dated from Maryland this 1st March in the year of God, 1648.

I remain your Very Rev. Paternity's most unworthy servant and son in Christ,

PHILIP FISHER.

Though Father Copley had much to suffer from persecution on the part of the Puritans, and also from pirates and desperadoes like Ingle and Claiborne, who disturbed the peace of Lord Baltimore's colonists, still it is probable that after his return to Maryland he found tranquillity around him. In 1649 the great Toleration Act was passed, and all were free to

worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. He was joined, too, by a brother Jesuit, Father Laurence Starkey, *alias* Sankey, who nobly shared in his labours and undertakings. With these missionaries were also associated in holy zeal several Catholic laymen, prominent among whom were Ralph Crouch and Surgeon Henry Hooper. The name of Ralph Crouch was so often connected with religious things and with deeds of mercy that some of our Protestant historians have mistaken him for a priest. This gentleman was "the right hand and solace" of Father Copley and the other missionaries of Maryland. With Copley he shares the honour of having opened the first Catholic school in the state of Maryland. "Being a man of some education, he opened schools for teaching humanities, gave catechetical instructions to the poorer class, and was assiduous in visiting the sick." About 1659 he returned to Europe, and entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Watten, and died a holy death in Liege in 1679.

It may be of interest to remark that the Jesuit houses at St. Inigoes and St. Thomas, so important in the Catholic history of Southern Maryland, were established by Father Copley. Father Copley died in 1653. The manner and place of his death are unknown. He sleeps his long sleep, perhaps, in the little burial-ground at St. Inigoes; but his grave is a secret unknown to man, and is unmarked by cross or stone. Thus mystery in death, as well as in life, hangs around this scion of the Copley's. Yet not in vain has this devoted priest lived and died. His wigwam-chapel is replaced in many an American city by magnificent churches and marble cathedrals; his little flock have increased to millions; the persecutions he endured have helped to win freedom of conscience for whole peoples; the flowers that he saw in bloom have long since attained to fruit—rich and abundant. A grand and flourishing Church has sprung up in fields that he watered with his tears. Though no one can point out his grave in the lonely "God's Acre" of Southern Maryland, it is a consolation to us to remember that his bones rest in a soil over which a white harvest is now ready for the sickle.

WILLIAM P. TREACY

Seals and Sea Lions.

AMONG dwellers in the water, whence animal life takes its rise, we see that the highly-gifted mammalia—the seal, the whale, and the walrus—are as truly carnivorous milk-givers, as bears and tigers, though resembling in form and habits the fish tribe. Besides these, there are several warm-blooded animals half transformed into fish so far as certain structures and habits are concerned; birds for example, among which are the penguins, whose wings have become almost like fins, and in the mammalia the web-footed opossum, the beaver, and the otter. But in the groups of real fin-footed animals (though their likeness to land animals may be traced bone by bone), the difference is so decided as to prove that they must have branched off from their kindred species long ages ago.

The Seal, or *Phoca*, belongs to the family of Phocidæ; the name seal is from the Anglo-Saxon *seolh*. It has a distant resemblance to the bear species, and the *manatees*, or sea-cows, to the hoofed animals. Whales were undoubtedly living in the water during the chalk period, soon after the various species of mammalia had appeared on the earth, whereas the fossils of manatees and seals are not found till a much later period.

The general appearance of the seal is so changed from anything we see on land that one could scarcely expect to find that it has the same skeleton as a bear, and is in all the principal points constructed like a land animal, though its limbs are so modified as to make it admirably adapted to an aquatic life. To enable it to wind and twist swiftly in the water, it is furnished with cushions of gristly rods, which make its whole body quite flexible. The head is small and round, somewhat resembling that of a man, and offers but little resistance to the water, and the nose is broad, like that of the otter, with nostrils that close firmly, and keep the air in and the water out, in diving. The eyes are large and sparkling, and have remarkable peculiarities adapted to use both air and water; the face is provided with

strong whiskers connected at their base with large nerves. Most of the species have no external ears, but holes that serve for that purpose, and are so formed within that the hearing is wonderfully acute. The teeth, though differing considerably in the different genera, are in all specially fitted for the seizure of slippery prey, their chief nourishment being fish, although they do not reject other animal food, and are said even to subsist partly on vegetable substances. They have large strong canine teeth, their molars (usually five or six on each, side in each jaw), are sharp-edged and beset with points. These animals have an extraordinary habit of swallowing stones, for which no probable reason has yet been discovered. Their stomachs, which are quite simple, are often found almost filled with stones. Their brains are usually larger than that of any other animal. Their breathing organs are most curious, enabling them to remain under water many minutes. The circulation of the blood is controlled by reservoirs in the veins, which prevent it returning to the heart and lungs till it is purified by fresh oxygen. The respiration of seals is extremely slow, about two minutes intervening between one breath and another, even when on land and in full activity. Their slowness of respiration and power of suspending it for a considerable time is of great use, enabling them to continue the pursuit of prey under water. Though they are known to have remained under water twenty-five minutes, yet the time is limited, and they can therefore be drowned like any other mammalian animal. Their short necks and remarkably narrow sloping shoulders are so encased in fat, that the body slopes gradually away with a smooth surface from head to the tail, which tapers like that of a fish. Moreover, as long arms and legs would stand greatly in the way in diving and swimming, they are so shortened and encased within the skin that only the useful broad flappers are free; the hind legs being set upon an extremely narrow hip-joint, they bend backwards and act closely to the body. It is in its feet that the seal differs most from all other quadrupeds, they being covered with a membrane and so attached to the body as to present more resemblance to fins than to feet, and might be taken for such were it not for the claws, which clearly show their true analogy. In the fore feet, or rather hands, all the arm is hidden under the skin of the trunk, nothing appearing outside but the hand from the wrist downwards, almost like a child with its arms swathed down and hands only visible near the breast. The toes, particularly those

of the hind feet, are capable of being spread out widely in swimming, so as to give considerable propelling power. To prevent this warm-blooded animal being chilled by the cold water, it is curiously protected by warm clothing. Under the skin lies a layer of oily fat, which acts like a thick blanket in keeping in the warmth of the body; it has also, like its distant kindred the bears, a dense furry covering, and above this a quantity of coarse long hairs, which produce its shining oily appearance.

The movements of seals in the water are very rapid and graceful, but on land they are decidedly peculiar and awkward, even the fore feet being little used; the body is contracted by an upward bending of the spine, and thrown forward by a succession of jerks, in which way, however, it can make its escape from an enemy very rapidly. The flexibility of the spine in seals is wonderful, owing to the intervertebral cartilages formed of fibrous concentric rings; the muscles which are connected with the spine on all sides are of great strength. Seals vary in size, being generally from three to five feet long; the largest species, called the *sea lions*, are from eleven to eighteen feet in length.

Seals are hunters of the sea, fish-food being to them what flesh-food is to wolves and bears, &c., and they have all the ocean for their hunting-ground, for though they abound chiefly in northern regions, they are to be found in all parts of the world except the Indian Ocean. Seal-hunting or fishing requires both patience and skill. Most seals go in herds, and apparently one is placed on the watch where danger is to be feared, either from bears or men. They climb up through holes in the ice-fields of the polar seas to a height of several feet from the water, and it is often difficult for the hunter to get between them and the hole. These animals when enraged are such formidable antagonists that seal-hunting is attended with much danger to the unexperienced, though it is the chief occupation of the Greenlanders.

The seal produces its young once a year, and usually only one or two at a birth. When suckling the young it sits up on its hinder legs, and the little ones keep close to their mothers for twelve or fifteen days, after which the latter takes them down to the water and accustoms them to swim and procure food by their own efforts, and thus their education is soon completed. The young ones are remarkably docile, and recognize and understand their mother's voice among the numerous bleatings

around them, and are always obedient to her call. They mutually assist each other, and being early trained to subjection they continue to live together in companies, and have a variety of tones by which they can encourage or warn one another of danger. Their voices have been compared to the bleating of a flock of sheep, interrupted occasionally by the barking of angry dogs, or the shriller cries of a cat. The males sometimes have terrible battles about their mates, and fierce contests ensue till one conquers the other. Seals are to be seen in hundreds basking on the rocks in the northern icy seas, and suckling their young. There they keep watch like other gregarious animals, and the instant an enemy appears they plunge into the water. In fine weather they generally employ themselves in fishing, always returning to the shore in storms and tempests. The seal is said to be the only animal that delights in these conflicts of nature. Hence in the midst of torrents and thunders, when all other creatures seek refuge from the fury of the elements, seals may be seen in vast numbers sporting gaily along the shore, evidently enjoying the universal disturbance. They are also the only mammalia that migrate from one part of the world to another, and are often seen in multitudes directing their course to distant regions. On the northern coasts of Greenland they usually set out in search of food in July and return again in September. In March also they depart, returning early in June in a great body, together with their young, always observing on their route a certain fixed time and track, and like birds of passage they are seen in great droves travelling for days together to the north, towards that part of the sea most free from ice and where men will not follow them. On starting they are always very fat, but are sure to return home extremely thin.

The northern *Eared Seals*, or Sea Lions, spend most of their time in huge shoals in the sea, gambolling and diving in the water, hunting and feeding on fish, migrating from colder to warmer seas in the winter. They have been carefully watched at the most stirring time of their lives, when they come in the spring to the Aleutian Isles in the North Pacific, to rear their families. About the middle of May the males arrive, and then begins the fight for wives. The veterans—huge fellows with enormous teeth which grip like a vice—having gone through these contests for years, know well all the rules. At first they come singly and then in numbers, and laying hold of the rocks with their powerful flippers, they haul themselves upon land and

seize what they consider the best position on the edge of the water to watch for the arrival of the females. As more and more males arrive they are obliged to go further inland, all the shore stations being first occupied, and each sea lion tenaciously defends his own plot of ground with tooth and flipper. In about a month the whole island is covered with male sea lions, then the mothers come and land for the birth of their little ones. They are only about four or five feet long, lighter in colour than the males, and very gentle and inoffensive; as they come swimming up to the island each male endeavours, by coaxing and pulling, to induce a mate to come to his spot. If he wins her, he has to watch and fight for her vigorously, because the other sea lions further inland are trying to steal her from him. Still he could easily keep his prize if he remained constantly by her side, but he usually resolves to obtain several, and while he is courting and securing a second mate, his neighbour behind seizes on the first and is carrying her off, lifting her by the back of the neck, cat-fashion, when a fierce battle ensues, and the poor victim is pulled here and there till one of the tyrants wins her. This constant fighting and wooing continues for several days till all the males have procured wives; those nearest the shore generally gaining several, while those behind can but catch one or two. After this they settle calmly down; the little ones are born, bleating like young lambs, and training begins. The peace, however, is but of short duration, for as soon as the young ones are able to gain their own living, the old strife begins, and fortunate is the victorious one who can keep all his mates a whole season. *Sea lions* are in general enormous eaters, but from the day that the males land on the rocks till they return to the water, so occupied are they in defending their mates, that they are rarely known to leave their position to obtain food; then after two months, having used up all their store of fat and grown extremely lean, they take leave of their mates and swim away, to return no more till next year. In the meantime the mothers and children, and the young bachelors who have not yet cared for mates, remain on the isles, sporting and frolicking, leading a gay happy life till autumn, when they also take to the open sea, and set out on their travels till the next spring.

The Common Seal is found in the northern parts of the Atlantic and in the Arctic Ocean, and in the wilder and more unfrequented parts of the British coast. It was, in fact, at

one time so abundant on the Sussex coast as to have given its name to Selsey, or *Seal's Isle*, where in the Saxon period they basked in vast numbers on the rocks of that ancient seat of the first bishopric of Sussex, which has long since been covered by the waves. These seals have yellowish fur, curiously spotted and marked with brown. They differ from the higher seals in having their front legs much shorter and their hind legs turned back so as to lie in a line with the body and closely bound to the tail as far down as the heel, consequently they cannot throw their hind legs forward, nor use them in walking, and are therefore awkward on land, though they contrive to move on rapidly by jerking their body forward or dragging themselves by their front flippers. They are more decidedly aquatic animals than the other seals, the hind legs being extremely useful in swimming, where they serve as large oars, worked almost like the screw of a steamer.

The *Bearded Seal* is often found on the British coast, though more abundant on the coasts of Greenland; it is commonly nine or ten feet long. The Grey Seal, which has a very flat head, is also to be seen on the British coasts, and the Leopard Seal, or Sea Leopard—from its spotted fur—is frequently seen on the South Orkneys. The largest of all the species of seals is the Elephant Seal, or Sea Elephant, of the southern seas, which has a long taper-like nose.

Wherever seals have been much molested by man, they become very vigilant in guarding against their foes; otherwise they are not at all shy, but approach quite close to boats or to men on shore, as if animated by curiosity. Seals possess all the five senses to perfection; they are much attracted by musical sounds, and can easily be drawn to a boat by the flute, unless they have already learned caution by sad experience; and the ringing of the church-bells at Hoy, in Orkney, frequently causes large shoals of seals to appear in the little bay. The expression of pain is much more marked in the features of the seal than joy, and often extends to the shedding of tears. When seals come out of the sea they bleat for their young, like sheep.

The common seal and some of the other species are remarkably intelligent, they have often been tamed, and when domesticated are capable of living many years on land if duly supplied with water. They are very affectionate, and become warmly attached to those who attend to them and very familiar and playful with them. They seem to delight in being caressed and

taken notice of, recognizing like dogs the name given to them, and readily learning many little tricks.

When taken young, the seal is easily domesticated, and will follow its master from place to place. A gentleman in Fifeshire found a young seal and took it home and fed it with milk porridge, which it always ate with avidity. It employed itself in catching fish, especially salmon trout, for which it had a decided preference, and after satisfying its own wants would bring home one or two and lay them at its master's feet ; he kept it till full grown, and when the lady of the house grew tired of the singular pet it was thrown into the sea. But it quickly made its way back to the house ; it was then taken to a considerable distance and again thrown into the sea, its master and one or two friends hiding themselves among the rocks near the spot to see what became of it ; soon the faithful creature made its way to the place of hiding, showing such delight on rejoining its master that he had not the heart to part with it again, and it was brought home, but after the owner's death it was killed for the sake of its beautiful fur.

In the early part of this century, when the danger of a French invasion led to the fortification of the eastern coast of Britain, a small party in one of the isles in Firth of Forth amused themselves by taming a seal. It was as affectionate and playful as a dog ; it not only fished for itself, but oftentimes for its masters also. It used to fawn upon them, lick their hands, and if left behind during any boating excursions it was sure to meet them joyfully on their return. It always slept in their hut, and conducted itself as if it felt that it was one of the party. Sometimes it would snatch up a stick or a brush and scamper off to the water, where it swam about with the plunder in its mouth, often approaching the shore till within reach of its observers, and then darting off again to a distance. But though it evidently took such delight in teasing them, it always came back at last with whatever it had taken, and laid it at their feet in a fondling way. Whenever they went to Leith for stores, the seal accompanied them, swimming all the way at the side of the boat, and when the boat was fastened at the pier it kept watch till their return. Fish was not its only food, it could eat many things, and was particularly fond of boiled bread and milk. There is no saying how far its training might have been carried, had it not fallen out of bed one day and been so injured that it died while still young. The seal is found to possess a far

higher degree of intelligence than any of the rodents or than most of the ruminants, and as it attaches itself so readily to man, Cuvier expresses his surprise that it has not been regularly and habitually trained by him to render assistance in fishing.

A remarkable story of the domesticity of the seal, mixed up with a sad instance of superstition, is related by an Irish sportsman. Some years ago a young seal was captured in Clew Bay, and domesticated in the house of a wealthy farmer, who dwelt on the sea-shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the master's children, came at its call, and was as playful as a kitten. Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants generally brought in a salmon or a turbot to his master. His delight in the summer was to bask in the sun, and in the winter to lie before the fire. At the end of four years a fatal disease attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, many were affected, and the ordinary cures having failed, a "wise woman" was consulted, who assured the master that the mortality among his cows was consequent on his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless seal. "It must be made away with directly," and the superstitious owner consented to the old hag's proposal; the seal was put in a boat and carried beyond Clare Island, and there thrown into the deep. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and the next morning a servant informed her master that the seal was quietly sleeping before the kitchen fire. The poor animal had got back to his beloved home, and creeping through an open window took possession of his favourite resting-place. Next morning another cow was reported to be attacked, and so the seal must be finally removed. A Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal and put him overboard beyond Innis Boffin. It was done, a day and a night passed, the second evening closed, the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door; thinking it was the house dog, she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied out with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home again, then stretching himself before the glowing embers, he fell into a deep sleep. The master of the house was apprised of the

unwelcome visitor, the old dame was again consulted, and, averring that it was unlucky to kill a seal, she directed that it should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this cruel proposition the superstitious owner consented, and the affectionate devoted creature was cruelly blinded on the hearth for which he had resigned his native element. Next morning, writhing in agony, the poor mutilated seal was embarked and again committed to the waves at a still greater distance. A week passed and things became worse, the cattle died fast, and the old hag had to confess that her arts were useless. On the eighth night after the seal had been plunged into the Atlantic a terrible storm blew, and a low wailing sound was faintly heard at the door; the servants concluding that the "banshee" had come to forewarn them of an approaching death, buried their heads in the bed coverings. But when morning came and the door was opened, the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold! The once plump animal, now a mere skeleton, having perished from hunger—unable through blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a neighbouring sandhill. From that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed; the family was ruined, and the property passed into other hands. The tradition of the village is that a curse fell upon those who thus betrayed the trust of this inoffensive confiding creature.

Many will doubtless remember the seal at the Zoological Gardens, which used to come out of its pond so joyfully, to welcome the sailor, to whom it had originally belonged, and would climb up when he sat down, and, placing its fins round his neck give him a kiss. It answered his call and would return to its pond immediately at his command, and was most adroit in catching the fish and other things which he threw to it and which it would return to the sailor, unless directed to eat them.

MARIANNE BELL.

The Admiral.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

"LET me offer you my most sincere congratulations," said the Marquesa de Alora to the old Conde de Viana. "Certainly fortune has outdone herself in the prodigality with which she showers down her gifts on the family of your sister la Generala Pelaez. In a brief space of time the wife of her son Adrian, who is in the Havana, has inherited an immense fortune, her son-in-law the Conde de Povar has gained an important lawsuit, and now the Queen honours her eldest son with the Grand Cross of Carlos the Third. Fortune is known always to be in extremes, but it is a subject of rejoicing when she chooses her favourites so worthily, which unfortunately is seldom the case. Besides my warm friendship, I have also a personal motive which leads me to rejoice at this run of good fortune, for it appears as if facts had ranged themselves on my side to enable me to prove by your own family (in spite of your obstinate persistence in your sad belief), that there are persons for whom life is beautiful, sweet, and complete."

The Conde made no reply, but a smile of bitter sadness, more expressive than many negatives, rested on his lips.

"It would be difficult," continued the Marquesa, "to put any *contra* to the happiness of this family—your sister is one of those women who has passed through the different phases of feminine existence, affording in each a perfect example. When she became a mother, she, as Balzac says, made her heaven in maternal love. When she felt her youth gently leaving her, she, so to speak, impregnated herself with that sweet dignity which in mature age is like a halo of gold, superseding the blushes of youth. The crowning happiness of a wife was hers in having the right to be proud of her husband. Gentle and sedate in disposition, no one is better acquainted with the secret of peace in this life, which, like water, is discoloured by all that agitates it. Is not all this true, Conde?"

"It is all true, señora."

"The Admiral¹ was a most perfect type of the Spanish naval officer of the last century. Chivalrous, gallant, and devoted to his duties, in person handsome, of high descent and good fortune, his conduct and feelings were all that should be found in a cultivated gentleman. As such he merited and obtained all his laurels. Is not all this true, Conde?"

"It is certainly true, Señora."

"His children all grew up, not one being lost to him by death. The wise education provided by their parents fell on good soil, and made them persons of merit; to merit, good fortune was added. The eldest son bore himself in the last war with undisputed distinction. The youngest son, though I have heard it said that he was rather unsteady in his youth, soon sowed his wild oats, and now fills a high and lucrative post in the Havana; while their beautiful daughter, married to a *grande*, who is the type of all the love and goodness possible to enclose in a man's heart, surrounded by her little daughters, as a rose by butterflies, is the happiest of wives. This privileged family would certainly be regarded with envy, were it not that in their case virtue is so beautiful, that advantages are forgiven—to those who practise it so well—even by envy itself. Is not this true, Conde?"

"All is true, Señora."

"One great misfortune alone befell your sister in the death of her husband. Death! Yes, the great catastrophe of this world is to lose those one loves, for as regards oneself death does not inspire me with either horror or aversion, if holy and good. I have always prepared to look on this trance, not as the sad end of this life, but rather as the glorious beginning of eternity—also I love to dwell on the clemency of our Judge, rather than on His justice. But your sister is so virtuous that she overcame this terrible blow with much strength and valour——"

"Say rather, Marquesa, that she resigned herself to it. We combat and overcome our sins, we resign ourselves to our afflictions."

"You have defined this well, Conde! To resign oneself is to sweeten sorrow, respecting it as a companion; while to combat grief would be to treat it as an enemy. It may be then that this grief chastened, but not overcome, developed in your sister that kind gravity, that gentle seriousness, that indulgent dignity, which now belong to her, and pervade the refined atmosphere of her home, an atmosphere that all her friends find delicious to

¹ Admiral and general are used indifferently in Spanish naval rank.

inhale. Thus she is always surrounded like a queen, because her society confers honour, and intercourse with her is ennobling. Oh! how much I envy that old age which makes one love the dreaded action of years, when the crown of flowers is replaced on a woman's brow by a diadem of pearls. Now, Conde, tell me, could the most creative fancy imagine an existence more perfectly happy, internally and externally?"

"That is the general opinion, señora."

"And your own in particular is perhaps not the same?"

"It may be so."

"You say this to deny me one solitary triumph, when you have obtained so many over me. Conde, in spite of your grey hairs which I like and honour so much, I shall be driven to put you down as a very obstinate man."

"Would to God that this were the cause of my differing from you! Let us leave this new case undecided, my friend, while each of us keep the judgment we may have formed respecting it. Or, if it will content you, I will readily own myself vanquished."

"I have no wish, Conde, to possess the palm solely as a trophy, and if such an intrepid warrior as you avoids the combat, it is clear that you have no arms with which to oppose me."

"When you began this conflict with me, lovely Paladine of happiness, you said to me with much truth that in *our sphere at once perfumed and pestilential, our ideas are only elevated, or our sensations multiplied at the expense of that passive happiness, which, though negative if you will, is, and ought to be, the patrimony of fallen beings, condemned to a mortal life of toil. But this happiness exists, and I will show it to you in all its simplicity and purity; a gentle river, not overflowing its banks.* Having pursued our search in those tranquil spheres where high responsibilities, refined vices, ambition, and foolish susceptibility are alike unknown without finding what we sought—that is, a perennial sun, a gentle unvarying breeze, flowers that do not fade, voices which sing and never lament, how can we hope to succeed in regions, where we have polished the glass so brightly that it is sullied by a breath?"

"But I have found it! I have found it!" cried the Marquesa, "and you must abjure your error, although I well know that like Galileo you will persist that it is not found."

"And as Galileo was right in asserting that the earth does move, so also am I right in asserting that happiness is not stationary but moveable."

"In fact you are capable of maintaining that the lot of your

sister's family is not a happy one—that the General who saw all his wishes realized, who never wept over one death in his family, did not die happy?"

"Who can guess, Señora, the secret each heart carries with it to the tomb?"

"What bitter secret could one carry to the tomb who, like him, died in the fold of the Church, in the arms of his family, blessing and blessed, smiling on life which was beautiful, and on death which was so also to him, because his life was good. To die thus is a death to be desired—I envy such a death."

"That is, you envy the General's death?"

"As the greatest good of his life!"

"Then, Señora," said the Conde with a marked and bitter accent, "learn that the General died broken-hearted from grief and shame!"

On hearing these words, the Marquesa looked at the Conde in speechless amazement, and seeing by the solemnity of his expression that he was deeply moved by his avowal, she almost believed herself to be dreaming.

"What do you say, Señor," she exclaimed at last greatly agitated.

"The truth, Señora! that my brother's and sister's happiness was shipwrecked and engulfed in a bitter sea of sorrow."

"*Dios mio!* Conde—you have turned me as cold as ice—neither I nor any one suspected——"

"Oh! Marquesa, this a terrible secret—a secret, which like the tiger eager for blood, found its entrance at night with stealthy steps to break the heart of a family."

"You terrify me, Conde!"

"And no wonder," answered the Conde, leaning his forehead on his open hand.

"Poor friend, poor friend," said the Marquesa, "forgive me for having touched with my rash hand a cord that vibrates so cruelly in your heart; but I was so far——"

"I know it, I believe it," interrupted the Conde, "if your gentle fingers only sought to gather a rose, it is not your fault that they have been pricked by the hidden thorn."

"*Ay di mi! ay di mi!* how sadly imprudent I have been. Forgive me, dear Conde. Let us fold down this page of life, enclosing my most tender interest with the secret in its silence; for after respect to God, respect to misfortune is our most sacred duty."

"No, Marquesa, you belong to the family, and what is more, you are a true friend, and friends are the family of the heart. You shall hear the secret that destroyed the happiness of my brother and his wife, and when you learn that it is one for which there is no consolation, you will realize that death is not the greatest or sole catastrophe of this life."

"Conde, spare me from hearing of misfortunes that I cannot cure."

"You will not deny me your interest?"

"Ah! no, Conde, if speaking does not add to your pain."

"You were quite correct in your description of my niece, whose life like a transparent glass, has not a single blemish, but you were not so fortunate in your conclusions as to her youngest brother Adrian. He caused great anxiety to his parents. He began by being expelled from the Military College. There are many cases in which such a misfortune does not necessarily imply any serious perverseness of disposition, but rather weakness of character, or idleness, and not seldom desperation at being the helpless object of the horrible cruelties which boys practise on each other—all the more revolting because they are usually practised by big boys on little ones. Sad to say there is an age at which man is cruel, ferociously and callously cruel."

"It is so," exclaimed the Marquesa. "How often have I wondered why children are not taught to be more right feeling, above all to have compassion. Compassion is a Divine balsam which God has put in our hearts to anoint the wounds of others, whatever they may be, or whoever they may be that suffer from them. Each pain, whether moral or physical, which we have seen without compassionating it, will in my idea, cry out more against us before the Divine tribunal than all our vices. Each vice has its own detestable attractiveness, or pernicious propensity; but cruelty is a horrible monster, engendered of itself, and a thing apart."

"Marquesa, you should inaugurate a professor's chair of kind-heartedness."

"I would endow one most willingly, my friend, you have only to find me a zealous professor.—But, you were saying Adrian was expelled from college?"

"Yes, this was the first blow to his parents' punctilious honour, for whether merited or not, the slur such a circumstance casts on a son is an acute grief. His father tried to induce Adrian to apply himself to various occupations, but not one would he follow with any perseverance. Meanwhile he indulged

in reckless dissipation, for at a certain age idleness is a precipice which opens at our feet, and there are few who can walk along its edge without stumbling. At last his father determined to shorten the allowance of which he made so bad a use, and my sister not being one of those weak mothers who oppose their husband's wise severity, through mistaken affection for their children, consented to this, as also to his father's proposal of sending Adrian to the Havana, to an uncle who held a military post, in order that he might have the advantage of some discipline. With this object Adrian was sent to Cadiz to wait for a ship. He had letters recommending him to a sister-in-law of his father's, the widow of a commodore of the navy, a worthy and respected lady, who had some little fortune of her own. She lived alone with a servant, occupying apartments in a house situated in an unfrequented part of the city.

"This lady received the young man very kindly, and gave him not only the allowance sent through her hands by his father, but from time to time other sums, which Adrian obtained from her on one pretext or the other. The excellent old lady was very far from suspecting that this money was wrongfully employed, at last, however, it came to her knowledge, for in the same house, on the floor above hers, a gambling club had lately been established, and the señora's servant, who was prying and meddlesome, noticed that after leaving his aunt, Adrian several times went upstairs to this club. She sought an opportunity of imparting this information to her mistress, who, as might be supposed, questioned and reproved the young man, and Adrian, for the future, was unable to reckon on the generosity that had hitherto so often come to his assistance. His visits became, in consequence, less frequent, and soon ceased altogether, so that his aunt lost sight of him. It is a bad sign when young men no longer seek the society of the ladies of their family."

"Yes, Conde, it is well known, and to our honour be it said, that inasmuch as a man becomes carried away by dissipation, he withdraws from our society. I have always augured well of those who show elevated, refined instincts by preferring good society to cafés and casinos. But please go on, Conde."

"It was a dark winter's night, some friends who habitually visited the señora in the evening, had taken leave of her about ten o'clock. The servant, who was indisposed, had gone to bed, and the señora had seated herself near the *brasero*, and was

reading some prayers by the feeble light of a lamp, whose days of service were nearly over. The rain beat monotonously against the window panes, the wind howled round the *patio*, blowing the lights on the stairs this way and that, and sometimes putting them out. The sea beat with heavy waves against the sea-wall, known as the Muralla de Capuchinos, sprinkling any late passers-by with its salt spray.

"A storm in any place is sad, in Cadiz it is most depressing and dismal. Different acts of violence committed in the city came to the señora's mind as she sat alone. Cadiz so beautiful and shining by day, when the sun is out, is quite different at night, for as in all cities where there are numerous inhabitants and great wealth, many horrors, secretly committed, occur in the dark hours. She recollected how not long since, in one of her own houses, situated near the Hospital del Rey, when it became necessary to remove some pavement in a dark and disused yard, for the sake of repairs, two skeletons were discovered. The authorities were at once informed, but all the investigations only resulted in finding out that long ago there had been a gambling club in the house, and it was surmised that some strangers had paid dearly for their good luck in this unworthy pastime, where, to their shame, gentlemen associate with thieves, cheats, blackguards, and even assassins; carried away by a vice, which with no other incentive than gain, leads only to dishonour, desperation, and crime.

"The señora repented of having remained in her present quarters, since one of these infamous resorts had been established in the house, thus exposing her to meeting scoundrels of all sorts on the common staircase; and she determined, as soon as possible, to move from such an undesirable neighbourhood.

"Suddenly the door-bell was rung with violence, and the Brigadiera started from her chair at the sound, but overcoming her alarm, and being of a courageous disposition, she went to open the door, knowing that her servant was already in bed. She had hardly raised the latch when the door was flung open, and a man, wearing a mask and muffled in a cloak, rushed in, shut the door behind him, and showing a dagger, threatened to take the señora's life unless she gave him all the money she had in the house. The señora, who as I have already told you, was no coward, saw at once that resistance or calling for help would cost her her life, answered that she was ready to give him what she had, so long as he did not ill-treat her.

"Leading the way to the *sala*, the señora, with a trembling hand, picked up her keys which were laid on the table, and went to her bedroom, where she kept her valuables. Scarcely was she inside, when, with surprising presence of mind, she shut the door, drew the bolt, rushed to the window, and opening it, cried out for help. But what was her horror, to hear a too well known voice appealing to her from the *sala* in accents of anguish and despair: 'Señora, for the love of Christ crucified, do not ruin me! It is I, miserable, desperate, out of my senses.' The Señora returned to the door, opened it, and Adrian, throwing aside his mask, flung himself at her feet.

"The people of the house were already knocking violently at the señora's outer door, and threatening to force it open; the Guardias from the neighbouring station had arrived, and the serenos were giving the alarm in the street. Adrian tore his hair; while the shock of the discovery had turned the señora into a pale and motionless statue.

"Marquesa, how often it has been said, and how often it will be said again, that woman is a heroine when moved by generosity. Overcoming all sentiments of fear, indignation and contempt, the señora raised Adrian, hurriedly concealed him in a cupboard, composed her face, and opened the door with a smile on her lips. 'Come in, señores,' said she, 'come in and receive the excuses of a timid woman, who seeing the curtain moved by the wind, believed that a man was concealed behind it, and hastily alarmed her neighbours; and after all it was nothing, nothing, but my foolish imagination!' Taking out wine and biscuits, she offered them to her visitors, had a word to say to each of them, gave some money to the Serenos, and bade them all good-night, as she would have done guests after her *tertulia*.

"When all was again quiet, she opened the place of concealment, and Adrian came out, looking like a condemned criminal, he began saying something about a debt of honour, and his ulterior intentions, but the señora, putting her finger to her lips, and pointing to the door with her other hand, cut him short, saying: 'Go! and may it be given you to forget this night as I shall endeavour to do.'"

The Conde stopped abruptly, he was pale as death.

"Conde," said the Marquesa, after a pause, and in a tremulous voice, "this is so long ago. Adrian took the terrible lesson to heart, and is now an honourable man. This act sprang from mad, thoughtless folly. Adrian was out of his senses, bereft of reason!"

"Adrian was a *criminal*, Señora. Excuses made for such evil deeds are only fatal encouragements."

"But, my friend, even allowing the crime, señor, think of mercy and pardon, and generous forgetfulness!"

"Marquesa, God alone pardons and forgets; the world knows no such mercies; honour, which is its conscience, and public opinion, which forms its tribunal, mark its sentences with indelible ink. Señora, that pure Asturian blood is stained for ever, and by more than the taint of Moorish blood. You can visit the tomb of an honourable man, opened prematurely by sorrow and shame, covered by a black stone, on which he who was laid beneath, forbade that his noble blazon should be engraved, for the device was *Sans tache*, and it would have been a lie. Raise the grey hairs that cover my sister's temples, and you will see the deep lines of incessant grief of an ineffaceable reproach, and the culprit is more unfortunate still. He considers himself, and justly, as a parricide, as the Judas of his illustrious race, and as excluded from the sphere of men of honour. His remorse, if hidden from the eyes of men, gnaws his heart like the vulture of Prometheus."

"Conde, you are too inexorable in your judgments. Repentance purifies, and amendment rehabilitates."

"Repentance does not take away from, but on the contrary, adds to the poignancy of remorse, and forms part of the expiation. And there are stains, which, like those of iron, eat away the woof and only perish with it."

Both friends remained plunged in a painful silence.

"It is not easy to understand," said the Marquesa at length, "how the Brigadiera, who behaved with such delicate presence of mind, and acted so well towards the son, should not have shown the same generous forbearance towards the parents, leaving them in ignorance of what ought never to have come to their knowledge."

"No, Senora, the worthy matron was not guilty of that cruel act. It all came out through the servant, who on first hearing her mistress's cries for help, ran to save herself, and passing before the open door of the *sala* at the moment when Adrian fell on his knees before his aunt, both saw and heard him. She went back at once to her room, and did not show herself until the *sala* was full of people. The señora never suspected that the terrible scene had such a dangerous witness. Shortly afterwards, the servant found some pretext for leaving her service, and so it

came about that a woman arrived at my brother's house, and asked to speak to him *privately*. He took her to his office and saw her at once. No one knew what passed between them, but when the interview was over, the one had received the death-blow that shortly carried him to his grave, the other a fortune, with which she established herself in Medina, her birthplace, giving out that her newly acquired wealth was an inheritance left her by an imaginary relation who had died in America ; but the real origin was the price at which her silence had been bought. She is dead now. May God have pardoned her !”

“At least, Conde, there is some consolation in knowing that this calamity is for ever buried in mystery.”

“Señora—what a mournful consolation ! Mystery is a lie, a mask, an artificial light. Poor sister.”

“Alas ! Conde,—and the Admiral had he the courage to tell her the fatal secret ?”

“What would you have, Marquesa ? On all occasions woman leans on man, except in grief, and then she leans on God. Man in all things leans on himself, except in grief, and then he turns to woman ; for to console is one of her best gifts—her sweetest prerogatives. Greatly is that man to be pitied who has neither mother, wife, daughter, sister, or friend, to turn to in affliction.”

“Moreover, I have always noticed,” added the Marquesa, “that husbands invariably, and with inexplicable cruelty, throw the blame of their sons’ faults on their wives, who on their part willingly bear it, so long as their offspring escape. Had that wicked servant imparted her secret to Adrian’s mother, it is very certain his father would never have learnt it. Mothers have a mantle of love with which they cover the faults of their sons, and it is so ample, that at times it seems that they cover their own eyes also.—But you said the Admiral was unable to resign himself ?”

“Yes, Señora, his head hitherto so erect, was bowed down, that strong veteran fell like an oak struck by lightning. Taciturn and melancholy, he avoided all society, and a rapid consumption carried him to his grave. When dying, he divided his fortune into three portions, one of which he sent to his son Adrian in the Havana, from this he deducted ten thousand dollars, the price at which he had bought the miserable woman’s silence. The letter which accompanied this remittance contained only these words : *Never return to Spain during your parents’*

lifetime. What do you say now, Marquesa? Do you still envy my sister's old age? Is all happy that appears to be so, or all gold that glitters?"

"Conde, such depravi——such disasters are so rare—as rare as your brother's and sister's excessive sense of honour. In these days indulgence is so common, the limits drawn by society so lax——"

"Against this I revolt," interrupted the Conde. "I feel indignant at seeing society, like another Messallina, receiving all and any into her arms. She makes as much of, and accords the same attention to a depraved as to a virtuous and delicate woman. In fact, her smile is more gracious to the vain and flighty, than to the modest and retiring. If the hand is given to a gentleman, it is also as readily given to him who has no right to be considered as one. Merit and presumption receive the same treatment. So long as the tribunal of opinion acts thus unjustly, nothing can restore order to the fearful chaos in which we live."

"But some men have justice done them, Señor. I think you, yourself, are an instance of this."

"The exception proves the rule, Señora; but in general, opinion appears as an indolent Sultana, without nerve or energy to rise in her tribunal, as in duty bound; and separate the grain from the chaff. Success is made much of, and few are the inquiries as to how it was achieved. Nor does this treatment spring from benevolence, for if with one hand incense is offered, the other raises malevolently the veil that hides the mystery, and laughs at the impunity of fraud and falsehood, and at the indifference which seduces to evil, while it faints at the thought of justice. Indifference, Señora, is the paralysis of virtue."

"Conde, what bitter conclusions you draw! From what pallet have you taken the colours to paint so sad a picture?"

"Forgive me, dear friend, for I certainly do ill in making myself the Herod of your illusions. You know nothing of these sad experiences, for you float in a pure atmosphere, like a white summer cloud, tinted only by rays of the sun, and receiving no other impression than gentle breezes from heaven; but believe me, Marquesa, that among those things which are only completed in the other life, justice will be found in the foremost rank!"

C. M. PAULI.

The Lady of Raven's Combe.

CHAPTER LIV.

"YOU needn't wait," said Colonel Claverock, when they had gone in to luncheon; whereupon the Swiss butler went out. "Leofric," he added, "is, of course, late. So much the better, this time. I was going to ask, just as we came in——"

"Anything that I can answer?" said Father Merivale, seeing him hesitate. "What is it?"

"You asked me," said Colonel Claverock, "whether I had tried to find a higher law, and said that my antecedent responsibility for all that happened afterwards was there. If you could only show me how to believe in a God, a Personal God, of whom I might know something with certainty! More than that is too much. The idea is too consoling to be realized in this miserable world. If I could believe in a Church, it would be the Catholic Church."

"If that difficulty," answered Father Merivale, "has any force at all, consolation would be impossible. The need of consolation would be an argument against the fact. Many others have said and say now, 'If there is a Church, it must be the Catholic Church; but there isn't, and therefore,' &c. I had rather they would try as you wish to do—to believe in a Personal God. They might then find reasons for believing more; and if not, their position would, at least, be less bad. They would have something better to choose from than an infinite chain of causes, or a God identified with the universe, and therefore no greater (except in bulk!) than the parts of which He, the Deity, would be composed. Suppose you ask yourself, to begin with, whether goodness and wisdom, for instance, and immaterial power, have necessary limits beyond which a further degree and a larger sphere of action are absolutely impossible?"

"No," said Colonel Claverock, "I can't imagine absolute limits to either."

"Nor I; yet we find them to be limited in practice—don't we? The best human being that we ever heard of might conceivably be more perfect, the wisest wiser, the most powerful more powerful still—to say nothing of opportunities and wider spheres of action. There are limits, then, in fact, and not in possibility. How can that be? You can't get rid of either certainty, I think; and yet they are contradictories. How can you reconcile them?"

"Well, I suppose the unlimited possibility to be like the infinite divisibility of bodies in mathematics—theoretical, not practical."

"That won't do. We are not speaking of goodness, wisdom and power theoretically, but as they are, or may be, exemplified in a living, intellectual subject. You find them limited in human beings, and you can't imagine any limits in possibility to those very practical attributes, though you are quite sure that limited they will always be in us. Now, with regard to material things, you don't find so marked a discrepancy between experience and belief. You wouldn't believe in a possible race of men fifty feet high, or a possible breed of horses able to gallop ten miles in five minutes; but you do believe in possible goodness, wisdom and immaterial power without limits."

"Yes, it comes to that," said Colonel Claverock. "How do you explain it?"

"Try first if you can do it for yourself," said Father Merivale. "What do you infer from your conviction of their being no limits to those virtues in possibility?"

"I only infer that we have greater moral capabilities than we make use of."

"No doubt we have, or we should, all of us, be always doing our duty as well as possible. But is there not a conceivable goodness, and a conceivable wisdom, quite beyond our reach? Don't we conceive them? Haven't human minds conceived them at all times and in all countries, more or less, as objects of desire?"

"They have," said Colonel Claverock; "and indeed I can't conceive any limitation of them. They are real in us, and they can't be less real outside us; or how could we *possess* them in any degree?"

"But how *are* they real?" said Father Merivale. "They are abstract things; and the abstract is found really in something, not by itself; and the unlimited is not found in us. If

outside ourselves they are not essentially *in* some Being, then they don't actually exist out of ourselves. They are potentialities of ours, and nothing more, and therefore not illimitable, which you believe them to be somehow. Now they can't be unlimited in a limited being, or the less would contain the greater. But an unlimited Being is unlimited in all that Being includes—in other words, infinite. Now infinite goodness implies infinite justice and mercy. Infinite wisdom implies infinite intelligence and knowledge. Both imply infinite power, or the infinite would be subject to the finite. Don't you think that such a Being is the Cause of all that once was not?"

"Yes, I do think it likely, most likely. I don't see how things could be without a First Cause. But I can't see any further."

"Then you don't believe Him to be infinitely all that we consider good in human beings?"

"Intellectually I do, now you put it before me. I had never thought of that. Yes, infinite wisdom, which the First Cause must have, is, I think, impossible without goodness; and the goodness of an Infinite Being must be infinite. But I can't feel that He has anything to do with me as I am."

"If He has nothing to do with you," said Father Merivale, "how can He be infinitely good? You admit that He caused you to be, and you know what you and the rest of us are—beings endowed with intelligence and hope and love, beings whose nature it is to seek happiness, abhor death, and long for permanence, and who are quite certain that neither will they escape death, nor find here the happiness they seek, nor enjoy without drawbacks what they have, but may (as many do and will) die prematurely after a life of trouble and sorrow and disappointment, more or less unavoidable and sometimes quite so. Would it be the act of an infinitely good Being to make such beings to be, and then leave them to themselves, with nothing to hope for or to fear beyond this troublous life, in which the best often fare the worst? Is it likely that a Being who is infinitely just and merciful would (so to speak) take no further trouble about the beings whom He has created, and to whom He has imparted a portion of His own attributes? I have thrown out this suggestion because, owing to the character of your troubles and sorrows, those attributes would be likely to have attracted your attention. I thought that, having seen how limited they are in human beings, yet feeling sure that we

cannot believe them to be limited, you might infer an unlimited Being in whom they are originally, always and without limit, and so find a sort of link between ourselves and an invisible Creator—an infinite Being. I don't see how you could then help inferring that He in whom these noblest attributes of ours originally are, in absolute perfection, must have given them to us, and therefore (since they evidently are, such as they are, a part of ourselves) must have created us. Don't answer me now, but think it over. Time is getting on. You have something else to speak to me about—the supposed will, I think."

"Last November," said Colonel Claverock, "the woman who had been my wife's maid, came here and spoke to me. She is one and the same person, but no one else knows it. She gained my confidence, at first, by her expressions of devotion to my wife—gave hints of knowing about my second marriage, causing me to understand that she had never betrayed that knowledge to any one, nor made use of it to my disadvantage in any way. To cut a long story short, I was in want of a housekeeper, and I engaged her."

"And you found her give you trouble after awhile, didn't you?" said Father Merivale.

"Yes, so much so, that I suspect now what I believed years ago—what every one believed then. Moreover, I cannot help thinking that she had something to do with that will. I accused her of it, and she threatened then to say that I had given her a sum of money for doing so. That money was in repayment of a loan to my unfortunate son. She told me of it only in the morning, about half an hour before the will was found, and I paid her immediately. I have since asked myself whether the loan was a got-up thing, to make me pay her the money that very day, so as to prevent my bringing an accusation in court against her, should her plan fail. It looks to me very like that. What do you advise me to do? I couldn't prove a negative, if people chose to believe it, as they certainly would; and she is more than sharp enough to know her advantage. What am I to do? To let her remain here, suspecting her as I do, is so horrible, that I can't endure it. If she stays, I must shut up the house and go abroad. What am I to do? I have tried twice to send her away, and she has managed to evade it."

"Can she do you or yours any further injury, do you think?" asked Father Merivale.

"Only by giving her own version of the money paid."

"Well, then, in that case, I should advise you to let her remain here, just at present. It would be better, I think, to wait a little, and not appear to suspect her. If she had gone when you told her your suspicion, she would virtually have acknowledged the justice of it, and therefore she refused; but if you treat her as before, she will probably, after awhile, be glad to go and leave you quiet; for, after all, she is now more in your power than you are in hers. The *onus probandi* as to the authorship of the will is with her. Give a little time for it to settle down in that way. Shutting up the house just now, and going abroad, would have a bad appearance. It would look as if you had something to do with the will, and got out of the way in consequence. You had better do nothing about it just now. If she has any knowledge of what happened at Marseilles, as you seem to think, she could damage you and yours most seriously; for you may be sure that, if she did speak of it in spite, she would take advantage of the dates being so near together, and invert them by implication. You mustn't risk that. The choice is a very painful one—very trying indeed—but I am afraid there is no doubt as to which it should be."

They were now on their way to the stables. Colonel Claverock walked on without speaking. As they turned from the house he stood still for a moment, and said: "You are right. There is no doubt about that. But it mustn't last long. I can't bear it."

"It isn't likely to last long," said Father Merivale. "She will be glad enough, I think, to go off, when she finds that she can do so without any risk of losing her character. You must let her do that. By acting otherwise you would, most probably, injure yourself and your son, without furthering justice in any way. And now I really must be off. By-the-bye, Lord Freville wished me to say that he and Lady de Freville will have great pleasure in coming here, and will come as soon as he returns. He had to go away this morning."

"I hope you will come with them," said Colonel Claverock, following him to the stables.

"Yes, with pleasure. I certainly will soon, if not then."

The pony was put to, and Father Merivale again said good-bye.

"Good-bye," said Colonel Claverock. "You have called me

your friend, and therefore I feel that I am so, such as I am. I have heard more wisdom from you than I ever heard before, and I feel that your friendship is the greatest honour I ever had."

CHAPTER LV.

SOME one—was it Jean Paul, or one of the Swedish writers?—expressed a strong opinion that if we could travel without our bodies, travelling would be a pleasanter enjoyment of time than in fact it is; yet, perhaps, were it possible to divide one's compositum, memory would oftener be left behind. Lord de Freville had no wish to do either, nor, under any conceivable circumstances, could have wished it; but he would gladly have not had to remember the uncertain length of his absence from home. His will was bent on the search, but the burden of his thinking was this: "I can't bear leaving Elfrida, and particularly just now. If this is to last long, I must write to the Stranger, instead of going myself, and send some one after him with the letter."

When the train had reached London he went in the first visible cab to the lawyer's office, where, after some hesitation, the lawyer gave him an address at Hammersmith. On went the cab, jolting and rattling, till it drew up at a bird-fancier's door. Lord de Freville walked into the shop, and, giving his card, put the question in the fewest intelligible words.

A woman, the wife of the bird-fancier, said, "No, my lord, not now. He *was* here—a fine, handsome gentleman he was, too—and he left some luggage to be sent for. I wish I could hear something of him, I am sure, for he was in very low spirits all the time he was here, and looked very badly indeed when he went away last. Something must have happened one day—it was about the end of July. I don't know where he went. He looked so ill and so low, and was just the same when he came again before he went abroad—to Paris, he said, but he didn't say in what part. He was one of the best gentlemen I ever knew; so kind he was to everybody, and spoke so kindly. He used to be out the greater part of the day, and came back looking worse than when he went. He spent nothing on himself, that I could see; but he was always ready to give, as long as he could. There are plenty of poor people who remember him—poor people that don't show in the streets. I don't think he had much latterly, somehow, for he went away in a buss; but he

will always be a gentleman, and a fine man, and as good as gold."

Lord de Freville wrote, "Poste Restante, Paris," on the card that he had given, and took a sovereign from his purse. "Will you kindly give this," he said, "among the poor you speak of, and if you can see or hear of him, let me know where he is to be found? He is a valued friend of mine, and I am very anxious to see him. Good morning."

He drove to the nearest telegraph office, and telegraphed as follows to his wife:

"Off to Paris. If not there, I must write and send the letter by somebody. I cannot be longer away."

Lord de Freville, having arrived in Paris, tried all the known hotels, the Embassy, several bankers, and that useful institution, *Poste Restante*, but gained no information about the Stranger. He then sent several *commissionaires* to inquire at the second-rate hotels, and wherever rooms were let. While they were doing this, he was trying unfashionable quarters, walking into churches, and calling on curés. No one knew the Stranger by name or by description. About six o'clock he returned, after a search of eight hours, to hear the same story from the *commissionaires*.

"What can I do now?" he thought. "Set more people on it, and go on, trying street after street, house after house. But I can't stay. I must write a letter to him, and inquire at the Embassy, for some responsible man to take charge of it and give it to him. But suppose he is not in Paris, after all? There is no saying where he may or may not have gone, circumstanced as he is. I had better go to the Embassy at once, and then come back to write."

On he went and walked fast, looking neither right nor left. "What next," he thought, "if this fails?" The answer was another question—"Where next?" There was no answer to that, for the world is large relatively to us, and he had nothing to guide him. But then he remembered the bird-fancier's wife at Hammersmith, and the luggage left with her. The luggage would be sent for, must be sent somewhere, and she would let him know where."

"Yes," he thought. "She will let me know where. I must write and tell her to let me know before she sends it, so that I may send somebody after him while he is there. But he has been away so long without sending for it—more than two

months—and I don't know what dangers he may have been in, nor where, nor how recklessly, not meaning to be reckless, but forgetting himself. If this fails there is nothing left but a very strong measure—to get a list of all the foreign newspapers, and advertise in my own name strongly. It isn't a pleasant thing to do, and is otherwise much to be avoided, if possible; but I must do it."

He went back to the hotel for his luggage and then on to the post-office, where he found a letter. His correspondent was the bird-fancier's wife at Hammersmith, and this is what she wrote:

My lord,—In obedience to your lordship's wishes I beg to say that the young gentleman you called about has written to tell me to send off his luggage to the Crown and Sceptre Hotel at Greenhaven.

"I have got him now," thought he. "If I had only known this before! He may have left Greenhaven before I can get there, and left no direction. There is no counting on what a man may do situated as he is. These two hours that I lose here will, perhaps, turn the balance of two lives."

CHAPTER LVI.

THE Stranger was again at Greenhaven, and again hired a boat, as he had done nearly a year before; but the boat was not Mick's. Mick expected him at or about this time, but knew not whence nor when he would come. The day was dull, the sea smooth and sluggish. The water had a leaden tint in the shadow of these brown cliffs.

"Where to, sir?" said the boatman.

"Raven's Combe," said the Stranger; and unlike himself, he said no more. Again he had left his luggage at Greenhaven, and come with his knapsack on his back, thinking of life as it was to him; but the form of his life had changed so completely that nothing remained of what it then was, except the sadness of its temporal future.

"Life," he thought, "was not worth living then, as far as I knew, in either sense—neither for its own sake, as containing the means of happiness here, nor for the sake of the hereafter to which we can bring ourselves through it. I believe in both now, but the present is not for me. I have lost it by the act that made it possible—sacrificed it without merit, because in con-

science and in fact I had no choice. Have I, then, done nothing for the faith given to me—nothing for Almighty God who gave it? I did something, I think. I set my will to do what I had to do. My failure is now. I have not reconciled myself to the consequences. Have I tried my best? I dare not say that I have; but what I have tried has done much, in less than three months, to wear me out. God gives us power to bear the trials that he sends; and if we bear them, they will help us towards the end for which we were created. But we have no right to expect a miracle; neither would the trial, in that case, be the sort of trial that searches the heart and shows us to ourselves as we are. I must not wish to be any one, except myself, whose soul God created; nor could I, unless I were different from what I am, and therefore not tried as I am. But, in the abstract, I look with a sort of uncovetous envy on religious vocations, because they cannot be broken except through the fault of those who have them. They who have that, and are faithful to it, cannot have their life wrecked and their will at variance with their nature; but I am divided against myself. The Christian is completely satisfied, the man is utterly miserable. The way of my life is through a desert. The highest good is beyond, its fulfilment within my power; and as far as my will goes, I am resigned. More than that I cannot do. I cannot even wish that I could wish it. I cannot imagine it in myself as I am, nor see how any development of any quality that I have could make me be otherwise than miserable as a man. If I were not so, I should be too unworthy of her. I never could have made her happy if she had been mine. Life would not be wrecked by losing her. If the supernatural could so change my nature, it would be acting then on another subject, not on me, as I was to her. I have only to endure and struggle, struggle and endure. That is the sum of it, and it has to be done; but the pain of loss is horrible, awful, and, but for the final end, unendurable."

He roused himself a little, spoke to the boatman, and then took one of the oars. When they reached Raven's Combe he told the boatman to wait for him, and walked up the glen.

"Here," he thought, "lives a man whose way of life is more desolate than mine, and his final future hideously doubtful to him. He has no hope here, and believes in nothing hereafter. Can I help him, as I was helped when I believed no more than he does now? I have come for that; and if I fail, as of course I shall, and perhaps find myself taken for a harmless but rather troublesome fool, I shall have done what I could."

"Hullo!" said a voice from the shrubs. "Where have you turned up from?" The Stranger looked round and saw Leofric sauntering towards him, both hands deeply thrust into his pockets.

"What's up now?" said Leofric. "I thought you had gone to California or somewhere."

"I should cut a bad figure out there," said the Stranger. "I have no turn for money-making. Is your father likely to be at home?"

"No. He's gone to London. What are you travelling in this fashion for?"

"Because I couldn't bring my luggage in a small boat. I wanted to come round this way and get to Freville Chase."

"I wouldn't do that, if I were you," said Leofric, shaking his head, and staring at the sea. "They are the most confounded prigs I ever met with. She won't like your larking off last November, nobody knows where. Everybody was talking about it in London, and old Crayston looked as if he knew a lot. Well, never mind! I don't care, not I. Let everyone enjoy himself, I say. Come in and have some luncheon. I have only just got back myself, and wasn't expected; but old Corkscrew will find us something to eat."

"Thank you, I can't stay," said the Stranger. "When will your father come back?"

"I can't say about that. He was as grumpy as he could be, and I didn't ask him. Good-bye, if you *must* go. But you might as well stop. It's infernally dull, being here alone, and worse with the governor. There's nothing going on, and no news that I know of, except——"

And then he blurted out a corrective "Oh!"

The Stranger stood still, struggling to master his countenance.

"I should'nt have said that," added Leofric.

The Stranger turned away and said, "Well, I must be off. The boat is waiting. What is your news?"

"It's Lady Maud, you know," said Leofric.

"I don't know. What do you mean?"

"Why she's dead. She died yesterday morning. I heard it out cub-hunting. There was nobody from Monksgallows, of course. They telegraphed for Dr. Ranston two days ago."

The Stranger waved his hand and hurried down the glen; but, a few yards further, while Leofric sauntered back, smoking

a cigar of extreme size, the other staggered and fell. How long he remained there no one knew, for no one saw him ; but when he stood on the shore the boatman looked and looked again, to see if he were the same man who had come in his boat.

"Greenhaven," was the only word he uttered then or afterwards. The boatman pulled back whither he had come. The Stranger leant over the stern, doubled-up and motionless, as if paralyzed. It cannot be said that he thought. He had no power to think. The only words that found themselves in his mind were these :

"The world has done its worst. It can do no more to me, for good or for evil."

He never moved from his position till the boat landed at Greenhaven, when he paid the man and made his way slowly to the hotel, stooping like an old and decrepit man. His hat was slouched over his eyes, or any one who passed might have seen the marks of burning tears that would neither flow nor dry up.

CHAPTER LVII.

WHEN grief is greatest the passing of time seems neither quick nor slow. Pass it must, for such is the way of that undefinable thing whose reality no one can doubt and whose nature no one can understand ; but there is nothing then to mark one portion of it more than another. Dante, in his *Vita Nuova*, speaking of himself after the death of Beatrice, says :

O voi, che per la via d'Amor passate,
Attendete e guardate
S'egli à dolore alcun, quanto il mio, grave.

Perhaps no one knows, at this time, whether the living Beatrice Portinari was to the most sublime of poets all that his words would seem to show, or whether his love was only, or in part, symbolical ; but certain it is that in the Stranger's grief there was no idealism at all. Had it been in him to utter what he felt, he might have said in strictest truth,

E poi immaginate
S' Io son d'ogni dolore ostello e chiave.

He had lost simply all that a man can lose who has not lost the keeping of his conscience. He had lost his vocation in life ; and the loss could not be repaired, because all possible circum-

stances had combined their forces to make her whom he had lost the only one on earth who could and would have been to him what she was. It is one thing to seem all, another to be so; and she who is all to some one may or may not be permanently the only one. But if all things have combined that in combination form such oneness, then he who has lost her may indeed say that, excluding the pain of conscience, he is, as a man, the abode of all griefs and the key that opens them. The work had been done completely. Nothing was left undone that could have added a feather's weight. He shut himself up in his room and shut out the light, yet thought not in words, except once, when the sound of carriage-wheels broke for an instant the terrible monotone; and then he said to himself:

"Her last impression of me must have been that I was false, doubly false—false before I saw her last, hellishly false after, when I spoke and heard and went. Why did I leave her, and leave no trace of where I had gone? While life remains, hope in life is not impossible. But now I have lost all, irrevocably lost it. There is nothing more to lose in this world, that I care to keep."

He stood up, walked from side to side of the room, and suddenly threw open the window. His temples throbbed, and his brow was hot, for the terrible monotone ceased not, and consciousness had grown more distinct. After awhile he left the room and walked slowly in the gathering twilight to the sea-shore.

"Nothing," he repeated, "that I care to keep. I have lost fortune and friends; but money has no value to me now, except for alms—which I can still give in proportion to what I have—and what does friendship weigh against the hopes of a life? I had one friend—more than one, for Lady de Freville was that—a friendship that grew from the grave and returned there. Father Merivale, too, was a friend, or might have been, and Colonel Claverock was so in a way of his own; but Lord de Freville certainly was, for he showed it. Occasion offered, and he took trouble for me. Calumny has broken that—calumny by expressive silence. I shall seem as one who has had but the lower loss and well deserved it. Justice will have to plead ignorantly against me, and there is no one who can in conscience say, 'I believe the story to be false.'"

It was now dark, but he could see the small waves roll in, and hear their weird sighing as they flowed back. The sound

was new to him now, as if he had never heard it; and its newness marked the irremediable present, the future which nothing could change, and the past whose hopes were blotted out. The differences between then and other days, variable though they had been, were as nothing, and concerned him not.

"And yet," he thought, "I have not undervalued these things. Perhaps I valued some of them beyond their worth. I see the value of that one friendship, and know that I felt it once, but I cannot feel the want. I can only weigh and measure it intellectually. Feeling has but one object. I have no power to care about any other loss in this world, however great it is."

He walked along the shore a little way, to and fro, till it was time to return. Arrived at the hotel he looked at a time-table to find the next up-train from Lyneham to London, paid his bill and ordered a fly. In a quarter of an hour the fly was at the door, waiting for him. One thing he noticed. The horse was the big iron grey that he had ridden to Lyneham and Bramscote and Freville Chase, and back again through Lyneham and lastly to Raven's Combe. He stroked the horse, and stood by him a minute or two.

"Poor old fellow!" he thought. "If I had money, I would give you a turn-out when you are past work. You carried me honestly, in your own fashion, to the place where I learnt all that makes life, as a time of passage, what of itself it is not."

Then he said in a steady voice, "To Lyneham Station," and threw himself into a corner of the carriage. The onward motion and the rumbling of the wheels reminded him of his being where he was, and of soon being, he knew not where, but far from all that remained on earth of Lady Maud.

"I will see the last," he thought. "No one can deny me that. I will find out when it is to be, and there I will go. People may think that I am a fool, or mad, or anything they like to think. They may say, if it pleases them, that I have imitated Ravenswood, and make out that it came into my head because Raven's Combe is near. Be it so! Somebody may be amused, without doing harm to any one. Amused—how strange the word sounds. Am I wandering in my head. I feel as if my brain were numbed. What is it?"

He put down the windows, to let the fresh air blow on his face, and looked on the evening sky, whose few stars peeped out here and there. They seemed in symbol as calm as if no sorrow, no pain of loss, could ever be. But his thoughts went

back to the one object. He thought of his last resolution, and remembered that any one, knowing enough to suppose of him what he had imagined them to suppose, must know more than he could bear to think of as known. Some part of the depreciation would fall on her. Would it, or would it not, occur to any one? He asked himself this question again and again, till the fly stopped at Lyneham, and again while he waited on the platform. A train from London would soon be in, and then another, going the other way. When the first came in sight he had decided on going by the other train. "There is no one to tell me when or where," he thought. "For her sake I had better go and be seen no more. Evil tongues debar me even from that."

The great white lights of the London train came stealing on, like the eyes of a monster serpent. The steam hissed as in angry defiance. The carriages twisted their wriggling length round a slight curve, and bumped their way up to the platform. The sky was now dark, and the bright lights glared as in mockery of the deeper darkness that he felt within. He turned away, lest any one in the train should happen to know him.

"Which nobody would," he thought. But he had hardly thought it, when some one passed quickly, faced about, and stood before him. It was Lord de Freville. The Stranger looked up and saw who it was. His face brightened for one instant only, and relapsed into a deeper shadow. He was so changed that few would have known him. Nothing remained outwardly of what he had once been, except the grace of movement and the old charm of manner when he spoke.

"I have been looking for you," said Lord de Freville, "all over Paris, and I bring you the best news that you could hear."

"You are the only friend I have in the world," said the Stranger; "but good news you cannot bring. There is no better and no worse for me on this earth."

He spoke in a firm voice, but he trembled as if he were very cold.

"You must come in with me now," said Lord de Freville. "The train is behind time. We shall be left here if you don't get in at once."

The Stranger seemed stupified. "I don't understand," he said. "Where are you going?"

"Never mind, but jump in, or I shall lose my luggage."

At these words, the Stranger moved, "I know," he said,

"that you are my friend, and the best that any one can have. You have stood by me against the worst appearances. I will go with you because it is your wish. But you can do nothing for me."

"I can, and will," said Lord de Freville, pulling him into an empty carriage. "Is that your luggage? Porter, send it on, if you please, to Ledchester." "It was well that I found you here," he said, when the train had started, "for Ledchester expects us by this train. I telegraphed to him from Paris. I had forgotten about going to Greenhaven. I was so hurried in getting away. I am taking you to Monksgallows, by Lady Ledchester's request. Do you understand that?"

"Too late," answered the Stranger. "Too late, even if it were possible on other grounds. You are, as I have said, my only friend; but I ask you, for your own sake, to leave me when the train stops. You are happy and deserve happiness, and your happiness brings happiness to others. The sight of me can do no good to any one. It can only give you pain, and cannot help me."

"Nothing of the kind. I see that you don't understand what I mean. I have been searching Paris for you, besides the bird-fancier's at Hammersmith; and from her I heard that I should find you down at Greenhaven. I should have gone there, and then to Peveridge Bay."

"And not found me," said the Stranger. "I was going to London. It would have been better so—better for you, and for me."

"What do you mean?" said Lord de Freville.

"This world's hopes," answered the Stranger, "end with the life that made them possible. *She is dead.*"

"Dead?" answered Lord de Freville. "When?"

"Yesterday morning."

Lord de Freville pulled out a telegram from his pocket, and examined it carefully. There was a silence, and then he said: "It was a false report. I received this in London, when I arrived there. It is from Lady Ledchester—dated at two o'clock to-day. Do you believe me now? You will see her in less than an hour."

CHAPTER LVIII.

LORD DE FREVILLE had lost no time, but the Great Destroyer was undoing his work by a power not its own. Lady Maud had broken down under a pressure too great for prolonged endurance, a burden so heavy that it must either be removed or crush. Not being removed, it had simply crushed her, and was there still—a dead weight, that numbs where it lies.

Some would say, and say it in kindness, "Why all this, when the Stranger had only to be found, and must be found, and when she had no just cause for self-reproach?" All very well, if she had not been worn out before by an interior struggle, such as warps the judgment and fevers the imagination, or if reasoning were not in the same person who imagines, or if the will could enforce belief, or the body sever its connection for awhile, as a sanitary precaution. If her will could have effaced what her imagination represented, she would not have had it in her to have left an indelible mark on the Stranger's life. And would she have had more power in her of any kind? Certainly not, unless defect is excess, and resistance greatest where there is nothing to resist. She had borne what a smaller nature could not have endured for a day, and the wreck was in proportion.

Lady de Freville was there. Doctor Ranston had come since, and Father Merivale.

There was a hush through the house. Life wrestled with death, and seemed losing in the struggle rapidly. Not a sound was heard, except a lowered voice now and then, and footsteps that trod gently, and the sighing of the autumn wind as it rose and fell at intervals.

From time to time Lady Ledchester crept away and listened at an open window, for Lord de Freville had telegraphed from Paris: "Found what I went for. Off by ten o'clock train." They were therefore to be expected about this time.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and she came again. The wind had died away to a low murmur. She could just hear it by reason of her strained listening; and then, as the shadows grew, till they met in the grey mist, and darkness was one, it freshened again, wailing round the corners of the house, and shivering through the seared leaves of the chesnut trees in front. Minutes passed, minutes unnoticed by the busy, disregarded by the idle. They seemed hours to her. Though the telegram

had arrived soon after the preceding midnight, it was in her hand now; and when listening had become unbearable, she clutched it more tightly, as if to assure herself that it was there.

"He is coming," she said to herself, "and must be here soon, if nothing happens. But I have shown it to her over and over again, and it makes no difference. I dread what I long for. I dread to see the same look in her eyes, when he comes, that I saw when I showed her this. But why are they so long? Every moment is so dreadfully precious—every moment."

She listened again. There was no sound except the night breeze, wailing a sadder note than before, and the owls hooting in the old elms that skirted the shrubbery.

She hurried back to Lady Maud's room, and held the telegram before her. "My darling child," she said, "Look! *Do* believe me. They will be here soon. My God! It makes no impression at all!"

She threw herself wildly on the ground in an agony of grief that passed the power of words, and Lady Maud looked on from the sofa where she lay, seeing with her eyes but not understanding.

Doctor Ranston, who had come in at the same time, stood by, and for awhile, took no apparent notice, forbidding the maid to interfere. "Never try," he said, "to check a paroxysm of grief. It does no good, and sometimes is dangerous. Always wait till it passes off."

It passed off quickly, for the last proof was at hand, and the passion of hope is hard to quell while the shadow of a reason remains to keep it alive. He chose the moment when nature's balance was on the turn, and bending over her, said: "They will soon be here. I think you would like to see them first."

She started up, looked back at Lady Maud for an instant, and went out. "Come with me," she said. "Tell me. Is there any hope of her recovering?"

"Let me answer you in a little while," said he. "Sight is more effectual than words, even when they are written."

"Yes—but her mind seems wandering. Will it ever come back, if she lives?"

"Yes. There is nervous fever from excessive tension of mind. And if that can be calmed——"

"But will she have strength to recover, even in that case?"

"Don't ask me for a positive opinion yet. I *have* hopes. I dare not say more."

"Tell me—what am I to do when they come? I hear steps. There they are! What am I to do first? Shall I prepare her for it?"

"No. It should be a sudden shock, as it was before. That will be more likely to efface the impression of the time between."

"I see. Then you advise me to take him there now——"

"Yes. As the case is, I do."

"Then I must wait in the hall. Oh! why don't they come? The carriage went for them two hours ago. What *can* have happened?"

They were now on the staircase leading down to the hall. She stopped and listened. "They are long past the time," she said. "There must have been some accident."

She hurried on, ran across the hall, and opened the door. There was a sound of wheels, and the double lights of carriage lamps; and the sound and the lights came on. The evening was cold, the air damp with coming rain; but she cared not for cold or damp. Doctor Ranston thought for a moment of the cloaks and plaids in the hall, but he said to himself, "She is better so."

"Suppose they didn't come by that train!" she said, as the sound came nearer.

He, too, had thought of that, and his warm heart beat quickly, for he knew what that would mean.

"We shall see in another minute," he answered; and in another minute the Stranger, who had seen her standing at the door, jumped out before the carriage had stopped.

She said, "Come with me," and he followed her up the stairs. Neither spoke till after they had reached the top; nor would she have spoken then, for even a word was too much. But he could bear the silence no longer.

"*Do* tell me something," he said. "Something about her."

"What can I say?" she answered. "My only hope is in her seeing you. She has never believed that you would come. Nothing could make her believe it. Nothing could make her believe that she had not treated you badly. It weighed on her mind and pressed on her brain, and brought on a nervous fever. Try to make her understand. If you fail, there is no hope at all—none. Doctor Ranston says that she had better see you as suddenly as possible. The sudden shock (he says) *may* be good—may dispel the recollections of the time between now and then. Come in here. Show yourself. Speak to her."

She opened the door. The Stranger followed her, and in the dim light of one candle, which the maid had shaded with a screen, to favour a remote possibility of sleep, saw a heap of still drapery on which the high head of a sofa cast a misty shadow. Lady Ledchester threw down the screen, lighted the other candles, and going back to the door, looked on with strained eyes.

"Do you see?" she said.

A cry of agony was the answer. He had seen Lady Maud, and she had seen him, but there was no recognition in her eyes. They looked at him, and beyond, as if he were not there. He rushed forwards, threw himself on his knees by the sofa, and spoke without knowing what he said. He said but one word, and that word was the only word, of all that are. One moment's recollection, checking the heart's wiser impulse, and the time that was his would have gone by. He only said "Maud," but the name fell so naturally from his lips, that it seemed a familiar sound, and in the confusion of partial delirium entered into her mind as such, breaking down with a great shock the memories of eleven months. At that instant the time being and the night of the Ledchester ball were as one. She turned with a convulsive effort, like one who shakes off a hideous dream. There was life in her eyes now, and intelligence not yet clear. He took her hand, held it in his, again spoke without a moment's thought, and again said the right thing. "It was so stupid of me," he said, "not to have left my direction. I must tell you by-and-bye how it happened. Will you forgive me?"

She tried to raise herself up, and said: "Forgive! Will you forgive *me*?"

"What for?" said he. "You have been dreaming."

"No, not dreaming," she answered. "It lasted so long. Do tell me what it all was. I can't remember it clearly. My head is so confused. I know that I did something wrong, very wrong to you."

"Indeed you did not. Won't you believe *me*?"

"Yes, I will. I can now, when I see you there. I do, indeed I do. I believe it because you say so, because I believe you, and see you there. I have been ill. I don't know how long. I have had no sleep."

"Yes, but you will—won't you? Try to sleep now."

"I will. But—you will not go away again?"

"Indeed I will not go away," he said. "Never, never again."

She smiled and closed her eyes. The Stranger remained

kneeling by her side while she dozed off into a calm sleep. Doctor Ranston had come in, and watched her sleeping. "She is safe now," he said. "You had better leave her to sleep. Don't disturb her. Let her lie there. Very likely she will sleep for twelve or fourteen hours, perhaps more."

The Stranger disengaged by degrees the hand that still was in hers, and slowly drew back. Lady Ledchester burst into tears, and said after a moment or two: "How dreadfully pale you are? What is it?"

"Nothing," he answered, "nothing at all now, thank you. I am quite well." But his face had no colour in it, and while he spoke, both hands grasped the back of a chair.

"You *are* ill," she said. "I am sure you are."

"No, not ill," he answered, making a violent effort to recover himself before leaving the room. "I only feel as if I were beginning to breathe again after being nearly drowned."

CHAPTER LIX.

SLEEP that "knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care," did its work in excess of expectation. Lady Maud slept on till the sun was rising high, and when she awoke, her mind was clear, her pulse even.

"I have no excuse for staying now," said Dr. Ranston. "She wants nothing but time to get up her strength, a little time. The reaction is strong and steady, and there is nothing to check or retard it."

"How can I thank you for all you have done?" said Lady Ledchester.

"I really did nothing," he answered.

"Yes, but you did everything. Your advice yesterday was just everything. Must you go?"

"Yes, I must indeed. I ought to have been in London yesterday."

"We can drive round by Lynham," said Lord de Freville, "and put you down at the station for the express at twelve."

"Must *you* go too?" said Lady Ledchester.

"Well, the fact is we want to go to Raven's Combe on Monday, to dine and sleep. We promised Colonel Claverock to pay him a visit as soon as I had come back; and all things considered, I should be sorry to put it off. To-day is Saturday,

and I have a good deal to do at home. So we ought to start soon."

Before eleven o'clock the carriage was announced.

"Now don't forget to thank Father Merivale," said Lady Ledchester. "He went off early this morning. Tell him how sorry I was not to see him, and that I hope to see him soon again."

Lord Ledchester was not prepared to commit himself so far as that, but he was able to say, without any hesitation of mind or scruple of conscience, and he did say once and again, and more emphatically the second time, as if his opinion had grown bolder by asserting itself, that Father Merivale was a superior man and a man of sound common sense.

"I have learnt a good deal since I came here two days ago," said Dr. Ranston as they drove away; "and what I have learnt shows how limited one's means of reading characters really are, till something tests it. I never mistook Lady Maud—I don't think any one could who is able to see anything—but I did mistake Lady Ledchester. I didn't think her worldly, not in the strict and bad sense of the word, nor in the loose way of thinking that people indulge in when they don't know what worldliness means; but I did think that she had satisfied herself much too readily, and I did not expect that she would rise above the difficulties of the case as she did."

"She was thoroughly deceived," said Lady de Freville. "Everyone was deceived, including the deceiver. She mistook resolution for acquiescence. The self-sacrifice was so immense, that it seemed as if it couldn't be what it was. The fact is that Lady Ledchester's best qualities have been bought out. They were there all the time, but there was nothing to show them."

"They must have been there," said he, "or they couldn't have been brought out; but I think they have grown. *She* has grown. Indeed she said as much, and spoke of it with a charming simplicity. She said to me this morning, 'You can't imagine how much I have learnt from that dear child. I can see reasons for things, and higher motives in myself that I never knew of before.'"

"And what will the Stranger do, left as he is?"

"I can't say for certain yet," said Lord de Freville. "I only know that Lord Ledchester has behaved most generously. The Stranger thinks of reading hard for the bar. He has no taste for it, but he has very good abilities and isn't afraid of work."

"I suppose it would be the wisest thing," said Lady de Freville. "No doubt it is. But—now don't be hard upon me—he is so picturesque-looking, that I don't like the idea of seeing him in a wig."

As it happened, the very same thought was in Lady Ledchester's mind, and she passed some time in trying to excogitate some other career. "You see," she said to the Stranger, "it takes a long time to study the law, and a long time afterwards before it brings in anything. And even then it really is such a lottery."

"It is, indeed," said the Stranger; "but what else can I do?"

"Why not try literature? I have heard you talk in a way that showed reading and power and originality."

"I could make nothing by that," said the Stranger. "To make money by literature (even assuming all you kindly credit me with), I must be guided by my readers, not by my own conscience; and that, of course, is out of the question."

"Wait a little then, and let me see——"

"How can I wait? As it is, I must be a burden to you for some time. I can't go on being so any longer than I can help. I must do something."

"Don't call yourself a burden. You are the greatest comfort to me. But, of course, you are right about taking to some profession."

"Well, give me a few days to think over it."

"Yes, don't decide without consideration and inquiry and all that," said Lord Ledchester, who had come in towards the end of the discussion. "At the worst, or in the meantime, or if it should happen to suit your plans, there is the small house on the other side of the park. I lived there part of the year during my father's life-time, and the elder children were born in it. The furniture is there now."

"Thank you a thousand times for your kindness and generosity," said the Stranger, "but I must work at something, and try to make an income for myself. I have little more than nothing now."

"I have several things in my head," said Lady Ledchester. "Give me a little time before you do anything. But I must write a letter now. Come with me to my boudoir. *Maud is there.*"

He went with her, and there sat, whether two hours or three he knew not, while she wrote four letters, three of which were in his interest, and the fourth to old Pitmore, informing him of the engagement.

Reviews.

I.—JANSSEN'S HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.¹

IT is very unfortunate that English speaking Catholics, and English readers in general, know so very little of the valuable modern Catholic literature of Germany. To read our English reviews, and some of our most popular writers, one would imagine that in recent years the literary activity of Germany had run almost entirely in the well-worn grooves of the sceptical school, and that the few Christian writers left were to be found in the ranks of the Protestants and the so-called Old Catholics. As a fact Germany has produced within the last twenty or thirty years a whole library of valuable works, written by Catholic scholars, and ranging over every department of learning. In the historical field especially German Catholics have done work the value of which it would be difficult to over-estimate. If there were only a little more enterprise among Catholics here in England, several of these works would long ago have been translated into English, and thus placed within reach of the majority of readers to whom a German book is a sealed volume. The books of German freethinkers, and revilers of the Church and of Christianity, have been translated by the score, but of German Catholic works almost the only translations we know of are two of Hergenröther's controversial works, which were translated during the discussions which followed the meeting of the Vatican Council.

We owe, then, a debt of gratitude to authors and publishers who endeavour to remedy this great deficiency, and we are glad to see the first portions of the great work of the German Catholic historian, Dr. Janssen, in an English dress. It is a book which ought to have been translated long ago, at any cost. In the few years in which it has been before the German public some

¹ *History of the German People from the end of the Middle Ages.* By Johannes Janssen. Authorized translation from the Twelfth Edition. By M. Riamo. Parts I. and II. London: Hanson and Co., 1886.

28,000 copies have been sold, and it has done more than any book that ever was published to destroy the popular Protestant legend of the Reformation. It is rapidly working a revolution in public opinion in Germany. Based on original research, appealing throughout to original documents, it has all the force of a scientific demonstration. At the same time it is an eminently readable book. Dr. Janssen so marshals his facts as to produce a living picture.

Mr. Riarno's translation is appearing in monthly parts, so that we have only the opening portions before us. They contain the chapters in which Dr. Janssen describes the state of Germany on the eve of the Reformation. The chapters on German home education, on popular preaching, and on school-life, are full of interest, and the account of the Catholic editions of the German Bible before Luther's time, and of the good use that was made of them, ought to put an end for ever to much foolish talk that is still current about Luther and the Bible. Besides the account of the early German Bibles, we have full details of the popular books of instruction that were current in Germany in the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Here is an extract from an explanation of the twelve articles of the creed printed at Ulm in the year 1486:

The Church Triumphant, that is the Saints in Heaven, prays to God for the Church Militant. . . . For when they have reached their eternal home, they love them more strongly than they did upon earth. While here they prayed for the living and the dead; and because love dies not they continue to pray in Heaven for the living, and for the deceased who are in Purgatory. And he who speaks to the contrary, falls into the error of those heretics who say that the Saints do not pray for us. . . . All that we beg for, we only ask with the view of obtaining our eternal salvation, and *this everlasting happiness God alone can give*. But the beloved Saints can intercede for us by their prayers and merits, that it may be given to us. And therefore such prayer is in reality *sent up to God alone*, from whom we await the granting of our petitions. . . . The Church does not say, "Christ *pray for us*," but it says "Christ hear us," or "Christ have mercy on us." . . . And therefore to no Divine Person do we say "pray for us," but "have mercy upon us."

A little later on Dr. Janssen gives us the doctrine of Indulgences, as stated by these popular Catholic books of the pre-Reformation period:

The doctrine of Indulgence is proclaimed with the same precision and clearness. The *Seelenführer* says, "Know ye, that Indulgence does

not forgive sins, but only remits the punishments which you have deserved. Know ye, that you can obtain no Indulgence when you are in sin, and have not confessed and truly repented and really determined to improve your life, for otherwise all is to no purpose." . . . The *Summa Johannis* of the year 1480 likewise declares that only he "who sincerely repents of his sins gains the Indulgence . . . if the man be in the state of mortal sin he cannot obtain the Indulgence, for it is not given to sinners." . . . To those who said that Indulgence was "forgiveness of sins for money and therefore that it could be bought," the *Explanation of the Articles of the Creed* [A.D. 1486] remarks that it was a question "of the praise and honour of God, *not of the collection of money*. Again, the Indulgence is not given to those who simply contribute to the building of churches *unless they are in a state of grace* and give out of piety, in true faith, with great confidence in the Communion of Saints and their merits, in whose honour and praise the churches are built, and with especial confidence in the mercy and help of God."

Mr. Riamo's translation appears to be carefully done. There are some passages, however, that might be made more English by a more thorough revision. But even with these minor defects the work is a most valuable one.

2.—LEAVES FROM ST. AUGUSTINE.¹

There are very few Catholic ladies, we will not say in England, but in Christendom, who could attempt the work that Miss Allies has so successfully executed in her beautiful volume of *Leaves from St. Augustine*. She has gone to the writings of the great doctor, not in any translation, but in their original text, chosen from them a number of striking passages, and translated them into idiomatic and vigorous English. Mr. Allies tells us, in the Preface to his daughter's book, that his part of the work was only to review the whole when completed. The authoress did the work unaided, and the well-known modern versions of St. Augustine published at Oxford and Edinburgh, were not even referred to. Miss Allies is to be congratulated on the work she has done so well.

The book is divided into four parts. In the first we have extracts from the *Confessions*, the correspondence, and other works of St. Augustine, giving us personal details of his life and thoughts. In the second part we find a collection of passages

¹ *Leaves from St. Augustine*. By Mary H. Allies. Edited by T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

bearing on the daily life of the Christian ; the third part is concerned with the Church, God's Kingdom on earth ; and in the fourth, we have grouped together under the general title of "Behind the Veil," four most beautiful passages on the eternal life of the blessed in Heaven.

St. Augustine is a most difficult author to translate. It is all but impossible to reproduce in another and a modern tongue, his delicate shades of meaning, his poetic picturing of subtle thought in deftly chosen words, his terse epigrammatic contrasts of phrase, that sometimes are almost a play upon words. We do not say that Miss Allies has conquered all these difficulties, that is, we do not say that she has accomplished the impossible. But she has produced a scholarly and readable version of some of the most beautiful and most interesting pages of St. Augustine, she has made accessible to many a portion of the rich treasure that his works contain, and in so doing she has made a most useful and solid addition to our English Catholic literature. As a specimen of her style, we take a famous passage in St. Augustine, and by no means an easy one—his account of his converse with his mother one evening at Ostia, shortly before her death :

As the day approached on which she (Monica) was to bid farewell to this life, which day, O Lord, Thou didst know, though we knew it not, it happened by the secret workings of Thy Providence (as I believe) that she and I were standing alone at a window which looked on to the garden of the house inhabited by us. Here, by the mouth of the Tiber, after a toilsome journey, we were resting apart from the crowd with a view to continuing it by sea. We were discoursing together alone very sweetly, and, forgetting the past in our desire to grasp the future, were asking each other in the presence of the unvarying Truth, which Thou art, what that eternal life of the saints would be which eye has not seen, ear has not heard, nor heart of man has imagined. But yet we gasped with the mouth of our heart after those heavenly streams of Thy fountain, the fountain of life of which Thou art the source, in order that, drawing hence what strength we were able, we might in some way or other form a picture of this ineffable mystery.

When, in our conversation, we had reached that point at which pleasure of the senses, however great, and corporeal light, however dazzling, seemed for the exceeding joy of eternal life to be unworthy not only of comparison, but even of mention, we raised our hearts to God in still more burning love, and viewed successively all corporeal things, and Heaven itself, whence sun, moon, and stars shine upon the earth. And still we rose higher by our secret contemplation, by our praise and admiration of Thy works. Then we came to consider our own minds, and passed them by that we might attain the region of

unfailing plenty where Thou feedest Israel for ever on the food of truth. There life is Wisdom, by whom all these things are made, and by whom all past and future things are. Wisdom itself is not made, but is now what it was, and will be the same for ever; or rather, past and future time do not exist in it, but Being alone, because it is eternal. For past and future time have no place in that which is eternal. In the vehemence of our desires after wisdom, we grasped it for one moment with our whole heart; and then sighed as that foretaste of the Spirit left us, and we were forced to return to the distraction of human words, which have both beginning and end. What is like to Thy Word, O Lord, which remains in itself without decay and renovates all things?

3.—THE CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY.¹

There are few readers, we fancy, of the Life of the saintly Bishop of Geneva who have laid it down without a desire to know more than the biographers tell us of the methods by which he converted those thousands of Protestants in the Chablais. One understands that the charm of his character and the influence of his saintly life had the most to do with this result, but at the same time there is a natural wish to know more of the style of his arguments and to judge whether they would be as powerful in our own day.

To such, this third volume of the English version of the Saint's works now being brought out by Father Benedict Mackey, will be especially welcome. The original was not written as a controversial treatise, but is a collection of notes jotted down as occasion required on fugitive sheets, which were then copied and distributed week by week or placarded in the streets and squares; and later on gathered together and corrected by the Saint's own hand. Here he meets us as a controversialist, and we find the same delicacy and gentle wit combined with that practical good sense which have made him so renowned as a spiritual guide; and as one reads the book through one is surprised how little change would be required to adapt it entirely to the needs of our own day.

A special interest attaches to Father Benedict Mackey's translation as representing far more accurately than any existing French text St. Francis's original work.

¹ *Library of St. Francis of Sales. Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English.* By the Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B. Under the direction of the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. III. *The Catholic Controversy.* Burns and Oates, 1886.

The autograph MS. exists in the Chigi Library at Rome, and from an authenticated copy of it, also preserved in the same library, this English translation has been made with additions and corrections from another copy of part of the work preserved at Annecy.

All the French printed editions are founded for the most part on the careless and often deliberately falsified text of Léonard, published in 1672, with notes of a strongly Gallican tendency.

The translator has carefully arranged the treatises which make up the work according to the Saint's apparent plan; making three principal divisions. (1) On Mission. (2) The Rule of Faith. (3) Certain Church Doctrines and Institutions especially attacked by Protestants. Father Mackey has added in an appendix the original text of a hitherto unpublished fragment on the nature of Papal decisions *ex Cathedra*, from the Annecy autograph, which, along with the whole chapter on the Pope, will be read with special interest. It shows how entirely St. Francis, in spite of Gallican influences, held the tradition of the Church on the questions of Papal authority and infallibility.

The translation seems to have been done carefully and reads smoothly, although it is perhaps unavoidable that the simple dignity of the Saint's style should suffer from being presented in a foreign language.

Here is a specimen of St. Francis's popular style of controversy:

Where was your church eighty years ago? It has only just begun, and you call it old. Ah! you say, we have made no new church, we have rubbed up and cleaned the old money, which having long lain in decayed buildings, had become discoloured and encrusted with dirt and mould. Say that no more, I beg you, that you have the metal and the mould. Are not the faith, the sacraments necessary ingredients in the composition of the Church? And you have changed everything both in the one and in the other. You are then false coiners, if you do not show the power which you claim to put false stamps on the King's coin. But let us not delay on this. Have you purified this Church, have you cleaned this money? Show us then the characters which it had when you say that it fell on the ground and began to get rusty. It fell you say in the time of St. Gregory, or a little after. You may say what you like, but all that time it had the character of miracles; show it to us now? For if you do not show us most unmistakeably the inscription of the King on your money, we will show it you on ours; ours will pass as royal and good, yours, as being light and clipped, will be sent back to the melting-pot.

Father Mackey has done much to correct the absurd renderings of proper names in the French editions; we notice one on page 27 that has escaped correction, "Eliseus himself was anointed by *Heli*." English Catholics have reason to be thankful to the editor of this really valuable translation. May we express a regret that the value of its numerous telling answers to popular objections was not further enhanced by the addition of an index?

4.—MARGARET CLITHEROW.¹

The Cause of three hundred and fifty-three of the English martyrs is about to be formally introduced by Decree at Rome, and in the course of a few months we may hope to be able to call "venerable" many names already familiar and dear to us as intercessors in private devotion. Though their public honour must be still deferred, the time will then come when we may hope to hear of those miracles which the Church requires before Beatification, and which often are granted as a Divine testimony during that fruitful time of intercession. Meanwhile the definite work of the present is to make known the English martyrs; and who that has heard anything of their history would not gladly take part in helping others to know of these new friends before God, and to be touched by their heroism in the very land we live in? For this reason we hope every one will note the *Life of Margaret Clitherow* among books to be read, lent and given, and that convents will take advantage of the appearance of a small prize-book that is great in its teaching. It has in fact two advantages towards general success: the style is that of a story, and there is a Preface by Father John Morris, S.J., whose words are always welcome news to those interested in the English martyrs. As he tells us, the form of fiction in the *Life* is more apparent than real. Every word of the biography by Margaret Clitherow's confessor, has been placed in the story, with the object of making the picture accurate as well as life-like. It is not a fiction but a welding of facts together, with as few imaginative touches as possible; so it may well be compared with "the waxen figures of the ancient martyrs sometimes prepared in Rome, in which

¹ *Life of Margaret Clitherow*. By Laetitia Selwyn Oliver. With a Preface by Father John Morris, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

the very bones of the martyrs are contained with some semblance of life."

Margaret Clitherow, whose maiden name was Middleton, was a daughter and wife of the wealthy trading class of old York. After her marriage, in the time of the penal laws, she saw and fearlessly embraced the ancient faith, suffered imprisonment several times with her habitual cheerfulness; and in the midst of her occupations as wife, mother, and excellent housewife, she managed to make her house the best refuge in all the country for the hunted priests. She had two chapels, one being at a distance, for safety; and the quantity of altar vessels and vestments for their service was so great that when she was arrested and the house was ransacked, Protestants declared they had not thought so much "altar stuff" was in all England. Her practical household diligence, and her extreme bravery in allegiance to her faith, make a very beautiful character of a type that is still imitable at all times in Catholic homes. In Margaret Clitherow's case it rose to perfection, and martyrdom crowned the faithful life of loyalty to the Church and care for the household.

On Good Friday, March 25, 1586, she suffered the *peine forte et dure*, crushed to death for her religion. She might have found an easier fate, had she not incurred that special penalty by refusing to be tried by jury; but knowing that her children and servants would in that case be dragged to court as witnesses against her, that her countrymen would have the guilt of her blood and would implicate in it her innocent children, she steadily refused the alternative of such a trial, and bore the worst instead, only crying in her agony beneath the weights that mangled her outstretched frame, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, have mercy on me!"—and so expired.

After six weeks' burial her body was found and disinterred, perfectly incorrupt; and thus it remained for another fortnight of second burial, until the Catholics, to hide their treasure, took it "a long journey." Alas! no one knows whither; but Providence may yet unveil that secret. It is a consolation to know that one of her hands—probably separated from the rest before the "great journey"—is preserved in a golden and crystal shrine at the old convent at the Bar, York. The withered hand three centuries old shows by the contraction of the fingers the agony of the last moments of Margaret Clitherow, when, as the inscription on the reliquary says, she suffered with constancy "for the faith of Christ and for charity."

5.—THE LIFE OF HENRIETTA KERR.¹

We are accustomed to look for two good features in a religious biography, and to judge its success by the degree in which they are present or absent. The first is that the narrative should put before the reader's mind a clear vivid picture, and not a dull catalogue of facts; and the second that it should place the virtues and excellencies of its subject in such a light as to naturally suggest the desire of imitating them. Both these points are found in a high degree in the *Life of Mother Henrietta Kerr*, which has lately been written at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, and published under the editorship of Father Morris, S.J., who himself contributes one of its chapters. The picture of the saintly religious is drawn with great skill, and the book will we feel sure make her memory loved and venerated even beyond the wide circle of those who in one way or another had the privilege of knowing her in life. Her natural character is well summed up by the writer of the first Appendix, who says of her :

She was keenly alive to fun and her whole face would twinkle with merriment. Never at any time of her life could she resist a joke. This was partly from a real bubbling over of fun, but very often also because having a true British horror of displays of feeling, she would try by funny speeches and ways to cover over and conceal anything of sentiment or emotion. Notwithstanding which there was no disguising the depths of feeling and tenderness which lay beneath the bright merry exterior, and no one could be with her for no matter how short a time, without becoming aware that she was a perfect well of intelligent sympathy, which was ready to spring forth at a touch. More than of anybody I ever knew, I can say of her that there was no call which could be made on her for sympathy, affection or feeling, that she would fail to meet, not half-way, but at the very outset; and what made this the more valuable was that she was quite uncompromising in her truthfulness and outspokenness. She would have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in her dealings both with herself and with everything that came in her way. All that can be called humbug would vanish before her, she would scatter it instantly, or rather it would disperse as mists do before the sun, without one's knowing how, and one always felt that her feet were planted on a rock, and that any attempt to beguile her off it, on to any platform, no matter how plausible and inviting, would be sheer waste of time (p. 370).

Such a character was a good foundation on which to build

¹ *The Life of Henrietta Kerr, Religious of the Sacred Heart.* Edited by John Morris, S.J. Roehampton, 1886.

up a noble edifice of Christian sanctity. Brought into the Church while still a child, by the conversion of her parents, Henrietta Kerr proved her gratitude for the gift of faith, by a generous fidelity to its teachings and later on by a hearty correspondence to the grace of her vocation to the religious life. We will not attempt here to bring before our readers the noble virtues of her life and the high degree of perfection to which she attained. All this we hope to develope at greater length in a future number of *THE MONTH*. We are at present concerned with the book itself. It is of intense interest, and no small part of this interest comes from the fact that the life of Mother Kerr was one passed among the every day realities of our own time, and her character one which is, we will not say common in English society, but one to which, as far as regards natural good qualities, many English girls approximate. Reared in a thoroughly English atmosphere, and amid all that most recommends family life in an English home, well-born and gently bred, she enjoyed with keen and innocent heartiness the amusements and employments of the life around her, and carried into religion the same hearty and thoughtful affection, the same lighthearted forgetfulness of self which had grown up with her.

The arrangement of the biography is not altogether a satisfactory one. The Appendices contain matter that really belongs to the main text and has no claim to stand alone; and on the other hand the notes of retreats and instructions come somewhat awkwardly in the midst of the narrative. But these are minor defects, and easily remedied. We may remark before closing this brief review that the notes of instruction, to which we have alluded, are very valuable for their own sake, quite apart from all they reveal of Mother Kerr's sound practical common sense and intelligent zeal for those under her charge.

6.—THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES.¹

This book is "intended principally for the large and increasing class of readers who wish to learn something of the masterpieces of Greek literature, and who cannot easily read them in Greek." The class in question is ably and delightfully catered for by Mr. Church in the present volume. A man who cannot play the organ himself is not excluded from the benefits

¹ *The Trial and Death of Socrates*, being the *Euthyphro*, *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phaedo* of Plato, translated into English by J. F. Church, M.A. Macmillan, 1886.

of an organ recital ; and there is no reason why the quickening breeze of Greek thought should fan those brows only that have been contracted often and again over Greek grammars and lexicons. In our age, where the table of science and of literature is so plentifully spread, a wise man chooses his studies ; that is, he elects a great many things that he never shall work at, and one or two that he means to pursue laboriously. That does not prevent his dipping into those other matters occasionally for amusement and variety. But he merely dips. Now no mere dipping into Greek would enable a man to read Plato with ease. Yet there are treasures in Plato that are a fortune for the mind that comes to rifle them. Some of the most valuable of these treasures are the revelations Plato gives of the character of his great master, Socrates.

The three Platonic Dialogues here translated with the *Apology*—rather we should say, *Defence*—of *Socrates*, make a complete picture of that extraordinary man as Plato drew him. Mr. Church has prefixed an Introduction, containing in some seventy pages pretty well all that is known of Socrates. It is pleasing to observe that Mr. Church is not ruled by Grote.

The translation, which we have compared with Dr. Jowett's, is more literal and simple, less audacious and brilliant, and equally good reading. Few translators have observed the possibility and the advantages of following in their English the order of the Greek words. On the words ἐμμελῶς διδάσκει,² which Mr. Church renders, "teaches so cleverly," and Dr. Jowett "teaches at such a modest charge," we think that the context, joined to the use of the adjective in *Laus*, 760, A, rather bears out the Master of Baliol.

But Mr. Church's work is useful also for students of the Greek language, not as a crib, μὴ γένοιτο, but as material to be retranslated, for which purpose it would answer decidedly better than Dr. Jowett's. So one may learn to write Greek with Plato for master. It is rather bold to mention such learning in these practical days. But if Greek is worth learning, how can it be learned otherwise than by speaking or writing it ? Any Englishman who can write Greek can write English, that is something. Again, the literature of no country, that of Greece least of all, is appreciated duly by any one who is ignorant of the language. The organ recital, masterly given, charms even the unprofessional ear, but its hidden sweetness is reserved for the hearer that can play a little himself.

² *Apology*, 20, C.

7.—ESSAYS ON IRELAND.¹

The greater number of the essays collected in this very interesting volume have appeared within the last few years in the pages of the *Contemporary*, the *Dublin*, and the *Westminster Reviews*. Their author has reprinted them with some additional matter, as his contribution to the discussion now in progress on the Irish question. A very weighty contribution it is. Besides papers on the existing state of affairs in Ireland, we have a number of historical essays which sum up the chief points of Irish history since the Williamite wars. Two of these papers, namely, those on "Ireland in the time of Swift," and "Ireland in the time of Grattan," are among the best and most interesting in the book.

With many men the history of which they know least is that of their own century. Only this can account for the curious ignorance of comparatively recent events in Ireland which has been displayed in many quarters of late. One often hears people speak as if boycotting and "passive resistance" were methods of action discovered by the Land League, but any one who reads Mr. O'Neill Daunt's essay on "Tithe Rent Charge in Ireland," will see that practically the same tactics were employed, and successfully employed, in what is sometimes called the Tithe War, the resistance to the direct levying of tithes which began in 1831. In the days of the Tithe War, too, there were desperate conflicts between the troops and the people, and scenes of wholesale bloodshed, of which there have happily been no examples in recent years. In some cases the troops were actually repulsed by the determined action of the people, but generally the authorities were successful in effecting their purpose. But where armed force succeeded, the popular determination not to pay, and not to purchase any goods seized in enforcing payment, at length secured a change in the law. Here is one incident of the struggle, one of those scandals which at last made legislative action inevitable:

A popular organization was formed against purchasing cows, horses, or any other property seized for tithe and offered for sale at local auctions. The Protestant clergy were reduced to much distress in all cases where they did not possess private property. They were encountered by the passive resistance of the farmers, and sometimes

¹ *Essays on Ireland.* By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

employed violent means to recover the tithes. Thus the Rev. Archdeacon Ryder, Rector of Gortrue, in the county Cork, proceeded on Thursday, December 18, 1834, at the head of a large body of troops, cavalry and infantry, to distrain for tithe arrears due by a widow named Ryan. The force was commanded, in conjunction with that reverend gentleman, by Captain Collis and Captain Begley. A large body of the country people had assembled to defeat Mr. Ryder's intentions. They formed a compact and dense line on the top of a ditch surrounding the corn-yard, where it was proposed to levy the first distress. Efforts were ineffectually made to induce them to quit their position. It was said that two rounds of blank-cartridge were fired without producing the slightest effect on their determination, and that they warded off the bayonets of the soldiers with their sticks; on which the fatal order to fire with ball was given, and then the soldiers, in the presence and at the instance of the Reverend Archdeacon, discharged ball-cartridge at the people, eight of whom were killed and thirteen severely wounded.

Naturally there were outrages in retaliation for acts like these, but the chief weapon of the farmers was dogged obstinate refusal to pay, quiet submission to any personal consequences, and united action throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mr. O'Neill Daunt says:

Some Protestant clergymen—I think five—were unfortunately shot during the period of the tithe disturbances. The farming-class continued obstinate; it would have been too horrible to make every parish the scene of a massacre; the milder measure of imprisonment was adopted; great numbers of tithe defaulters were imprisoned, and public subscriptions were raised for their support while in gaol; but the imprisonment of all the farmers in the kingdom would have overtaxed the power of the Government, and such a course involved the practical objection, that the expense already incurred by proceedings against the sturdy recusants greatly exceeded the amount of tithe recovered.

Does it not seem as if we were reading of the events of the Land League campaign. The tactics of that movement were really invented fifty years ago, in the "Tithe War"—the only wonder is they were not brought into action on the land question years ago.

Mr. O'Neill Daunt is a veteran Irish politician. He feels strongly, and he does not hesitate to write strongly on his favourite topics. But at the same time he fills his pages with definite statements of fact on matters which are now of pressing interest to Englishmen and Irishmen alike, and even those who do not accept his arguments, cannot reject his facts, though they may put another interpretation on them.

8.—SOME RECENT VERSE.¹

We group together under a common title three volumes of verse by different authors, and of various degrees of merit, but none of them we fear entitled to a very high rank. The critic who takes up volumes of poetry, bearing new names, always does so with at least some faint hope that he will see a new planet of the poetical heavens sailing into his field of view, but alas! he can only make out sky-rockets, fire-balloons, or at best shooting-stars, a brilliant display of fireworks, an occasional meteor, but no new light shining out with a steady glow that promises to last. Our volumes of verse are disappointing. There are perhaps grains of gold to be sifted out by patient readers, but there is much that is not gold, and we occasionally come on what looks very like lead.

Mr. Dick's poems range from lyrics that are evidently inspired by much reading of Tennyson, down to political ballads and social *vers d'occasion* that are not wholly free from a suspicion of doggrel. His more serious poems are the best, but the tone of the sceptic mars much of his music. In the "Neophyte," mistakes about the names of very familiar objects show how unfamiliar he is with the Catholic life at which he is railing. "Ichabod," though in a different metre and without the hope of the nobler poem, inevitably suggests "In Memoriam," but "Ichabod" is to "In Memoriam" "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." Elsewhere Mr. Dick shows that he can use the metre of "In Memoriam" with some facility.

Mr. Stanley Weall's book, *Babylon Bound*, is cast in dramatic form. It opens with a "chorus of Israelites," who sing :

By the waters of Babylon lying,
By the sad Babylonian stream,
We dreamed for the captive complying
A complex impossible dream.
We murmured, "Too long in the fixures
Of eld we are styled like the swine !
A taste of the sugary kickshaws !
A sip of the glorious wine !"

This opening flight will probably be enough for most readers.

¹ *The Model and other Poems.* By Cotsford Dick. London : Elliot Stock, 1886.

Babylon Bound, a Morality : and other Poems. By Stanley Weall, B.A., author of *Sturm and Drang*. London : Elliot Stock, 1886.

Chimes from the Poet's Belfry. Dedicated to the memory of the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. London : Elliot Stock, 1886.

The bolder spirits who read on will find a chorus of barristers singing in much the same fashion; will be entertained with dialogues between Cosmarchon, Rhadamanthus, Moses, Horatius, Lalage, Sennacherib, Pertinax, and Demophœtus; and will be more or less edified by authors' adaptations from Scripture. *Babylon Bound* is a very mysterious poem, we suspect it is a satire, but we are not quite certain, for we cannot see the point of it. Doubtless it has a meaning if one could puzzle it out, but life is too short for the searching of such riddles.

The author of *Chimes from the Poet's Belfry* tells us that

The poet's heart hath many a chime
To fall upon the ear of time;
But silent is the pent-up scope
Until occasion stirs the rope;
Then, should the critic hear each strain
And love the song,
He sings the changes o'er again
In echoes long.
But should the metal prove untrue,
More cracks will sound than one or two;
The bells will say to the very few—
"Ding-dong," "ding-dong."

The "ding-dong" sounds out very often indeed in these *Chimes*. There are memorial verses to various distinguished men, from Martin Luther down to Sir Moses Montefiore, which would be more satisfactory as poems if they were pitched in a lower key, and were not so full of mixed metaphors; and there are lyrics which prove once more how near the ridiculous lies the sublime. We would advise the author to omit in future editions the poem which begins:

I will not call thee "idiot" gentle youth!
Although thy intellect appears so dull.

And goes on to say:

I almost envy thee, sweet imbecile!

These things are better not said in public. We may note in conclusion that the author's Protestantism is unimpeachable. He shows a thorough contempt for the Ritualists, and a hearty dislike of Rome.

9.—IN THE LIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.¹

The idea of the book before us is this. A young gentleman of twenty-one (he mentions that he was born in 1865), dreams

¹ *In the Light of the Twentieth Century.* By Innominatus. London: John Hodges, 1886.

that his vitality is suspended in 1886, and is restored at a dinner party in 1960. This phenomenon is accounted for by his hostess thus: "Authentic accounts, taken from indisputable evidence, prove the pressure of your will against the spirit of the age; and since we cannot take ourselves quite out of our own times, without ceasing to live in them, some think that probably in the pressure of your will against the moral being of those you lived among, your own being was unconsciously included." He finds that the spirit of 1886 has developed in a very unpleasant way. He is told that all who believed in Christianity have long since become Catholics. "Then what," he asks, "has become of the Catholics? How many are they?" The answer is: "I don't know. They have kept entirely to themselves as long as I can remember. Before then a great many of them (I am told) did quite the reverse. But they lost a great many in that way, and now one sees nothing of them at all. I don't know one, even by sight."

Marriage is dissoluble at pleasure. There is a "Minister of Private Works," without whose consent no one can even re-paper the walls of his house—a "Domestic Government Office," and a "statute against private relief of the poor," and generally private liberty is at an end.

The dreamer sets to work, during the course of dinner, to convince the two ladies who sit beside him of the error of their ways, beginning, *ab initio*, by proving the existence of a First Cause. The ladies speedily succumb to the force of his arguments, but, nevertheless, notwithstanding his arguments, or possibly in consequence of them (for they must have seriously interfered with digestion), one of the ladies, the Vice-President of the Domestic Government Office, commits suicide immediately after dinner. Finally the mob rises against the general tyranny, and the dreamer awakes, as he is gallantly defending the other lady, who we are glad to learn, is not merely the ideal of the dreamer's dream, but a charming reality in the dreamer's life.

We cannot honestly say that this book is a very valuable contribution to philosophical discussion, for the writer's arguments as to the existence of God, the advantages of indissoluble marriage and the rest, though perfectly sound, and often very well put, cannot be said to be exactly original, either in themselves or in their development. Moreover some of his ideas on political economy are rather crude, and in particular his views as to the "demoralizing influences" of Free Trade are, to say the least, not very generally accepted.

The book, however, is brightly written, and is rather amusing; and the reader who takes it up can pass an hour or two pleasantly enough over its pages.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The title¹ of the *Following of Christ* may mislead the reader. A better title is the one given by Father Denifle, O.P., "the Following of the Poor Life of Christ, or the Book of Spiritual Poetry;" this describes the contents of the volume. Father Denifle, to whom we are indebted for a critical edition of the work (1877, Munich) does not accept John Tauler as the author. He traces the book, however, to the fourteenth century. Much in the volume is difficult of understanding. The style is condensed and rugged. The translator has not improved on the original. In his endeavours to render the original "in an older form of English," he has failed to make the meaning of his author intelligible. Take the opening paragraph: "God is a Being, withdrawn from all creatures, a free power, a pure working. So also poverty is an existence withdrawn from all creatures." Again in 4. "What is the knowing of man? It is in images and forms which man draws in through the senses, and otherwise he is not able to know through nature," or in 12. "But what shall a man do if too much or too little accrues to him? If too much accrues to him, he must not stand upon the ground of accidents, but take steps that he may always remain a poor man." This and much more is obscure. And the obscurity is the more objectionable because some passages appear to be of dubious orthodoxy.

At Antioch again is the title² given by Lord Petre to a sermon preached at the Cathedral, Salford. The description given by St. John Chrysostom of the Antioch of his day, finds its counterpart in the nineteenth century. Only "while his flock had in their giddiness and dissipation but forgotten their God, we have openly and avowedly disowned and abandoned Him"

¹ *The Following of Christ*. By John Tauler. Done into English by J. R. Morell. London and New York: Burns and Oates, 1886.

² *At Antioch again*. By the Right Rev. Lord Petre. London and New York: Burns and Oates.

(p. 9). The preacher finds the philanthropy of the age wanting : it is without the solid foundation of supernatural charity ; its creations never look beyond the corporal need, the soul of spiritual mercy does not animate the temporal relief afforded. He follows this absence of the supernatural into that chief work of charity, the education of the young, from which, in too many schools, "religion is shamelessly and of set purpose excluded." In a powerful passage the deterioration of education is insisted upon. Young people seem no longer instinctively to hold that "all power is from God ;" much indeed the reverse. "That power and authority, really as such and as existing under a higher sanction than the law of the state, seems hardly to remain at all. The baneful notion that men are placed in authority merely for the convenience of necessary organization, seems fairly established and most sedulously fostered. It is no slight blow for *religion* that superiors and governors of all kinds are now held as delegates and servants of what is below them, rather than chosen representatives and impersonations of what is above them" (p. 24). We hope to meet the Right Reverend preacher in print again. The get up of this sermon is simply perfect.

We earnestly recommend Père Matignon's Conferences³ to those who prefer spiritual reading which combines with piety profound theological teaching and an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures. They are admirably adapted to persons living in the world. Take the titles of the conferences on the family of Tobias : 36th, Works of Mercy ; 37th, The Day of Trial ; 38th, A Model Will ; 39th, A Journey with an Angel ; 40th, A Blessed Marriage ; 41st, The First Days of Married Life ; 42nd, The Marriage Festivities ; 43rd, The Return to Home ; 44th, The Declaration of the Secret ; 45th, The Canticle of Thanksgiving ; 46th, The Death of Tobias. What a series of instructions are drawn from the charming history of Tobias ! How many lessons applicable to the young and the old of all times ! How much that is sadly needed in our England of the nineteenth century !

We have already had occasion to highly commend to students in seminaries and priests on the mission, Canon Allegré's excellent little work on the Impediments of Matri-

³ *Les Familles Bibliques. Conférences par le Rev. P. A. Matignon, de la Compagnie de Jesus. Quatrième Série. Familles de Tobie et de Job. Paris : Victor Palmé, 76, Rue des Saints-Pères, 1886.*

mony.⁴ We are glad to see that the book has reached a second edition. After his Preface the author prints a number of letters from prelates and theologians, and extracts from reviews in the Catholic press, which show that his work has received the unanimous commendation of the highest authorities.

Father Lehmkuhl's masterly work on moral theology is now in its third edition. Those who possess only the earlier editions will be glad to know that the publisher, M. Herder, has issued in the form of a pamphlet of a few pages, a summary of all the additions and changes introduced by the author into the second and third editions.⁵

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the series of brief spiritual readings, anecdotes, words of counsel, encouragement, and instruction, published under the general title of *Golden Sands*. Messrs. Benziger Brothers send us this month a fourth volume of the series.⁶ The translator, Miss Ella McMahon has done her work well, rendering the lively French of the original into terse, idiomatic English, and in the case of the poems that occur here and there in the book, very happily translating them into graceful and musical verse.

Father J. A. Cullen, S.J., has compiled for the use of the Sodalties of our Blessed Lady in Ireland, a *Manual*⁷ which, besides the History, Rules, Ceremonial, and Exercises of the Sodality, contains all the ordinary devotions in use among Catholics, and instructions in the method of meditation and examination of conscience according to St. Ignatius. The *Manual* will thus, besides its special use in sodalties and confraternities of the Children of Mary, serve the purpose of an ordinary prayer-book. Messrs Gill are the publishers, and their name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the mechanical part of the work.

Mr. George Arnold has reprinted in pamphlet form his article on the striking and touching scenes that were witnessed at

⁴ *Impedimentorum Matrimonii Synopsis, seu Brevis Expositio, ad usum seminariariorum.* Auctore G. Allegre, Doctor in S. Theologia et in Jure Canonico, necnon S. Basilicæ Lauretanæ canonico. Parisiis: Roger et Chernoviz; Marianopoli (Canada): Cadiaux et Derome, 1886.

⁵ *Appendix ad I. et II. editionem Theologiæ Moralis,* Auctore Augustino Lehmkuhl, S.J., exhibens additiones et mutationes in II. et III. ed. factas. Friburgi Brisgoviae: Sumptibus Herder, 1886.

⁶ *Golden Sands. Fourth Series. Little counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life.* Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1886.

⁷ *The Sodality Manual, or a Collection of Prayers and Spiritual Exercises for the Members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

Arundel last March on the occasion of the funeral of the late Dowager Duchess of Norfolk.⁸ Mr. Arnold's pamphlet is an interesting record of an event, which will not easily be forgotten by those who assisted at it, and incidentally he gives his readers not a little antiquarian information about Arundel and its neighbourhood and its ancient buildings, feudal and ecclesiastical, all rich with the memories of the past of Catholic England.

Under the title of *A Voice from the Dead*,⁹ the Catholic Truth Society has printed a letter of the Count de Montalembert, written in 1846, in refutation of the claim set up by the Tractarians that the Established Church represented the old Catholic Church of England. Montalembert's argument is a straightforward and effective one, and the re-publication of his letter at this moment is likely to be of great service.

Father Finlay's lecture on *Rent*¹⁰ deals from the point of view of the political economist with a number of questions now of pressing importance in Irish affairs. The facts which he gives with regard to the working of the Homestead Law in various foreign countries will be new to most readers, and they are of very high interest in connection with all questions of landlord and tenant. The lecturer very fully discusses the subject of land nationalization. His conclusion is that "the only scheme of land nationalization which would favour all classes of cultivators would be a scheme which made the larger occupiers tenants of the State, and made the smaller occupiers, in fact, if not in name, peasant proprietors."

Father Davis, the parish priest of Baltimore, County Cork, has published a pamphlet,¹¹ which gives in a few pages, a brief history of the Irish Deep Sea Fisheries, a clear account of their present condition and details of plans which have been adopted for their future development. One of these, in which Father Davis is specially interested, is the foundation at Baltimore of a centre for the training of fishermen, and for the teaching of all the various trades connected with deep sea fisheries, such as boat-building, net-making, fish-curing, &c. The Baltimore fishing station, with its boats, workshops and building-yards would

⁸ *In Memoriam, Arundel, 31st March, 1886.* By George M. Arnold.

⁹ *A Voice from the Dead.* Being a letter to an Anglican friend. By the Count de Montalembert. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E., 1886.

¹⁰ *Rent and the Payment of Rent.* A Lecture by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., M.A., F.R.U.I., Professor of Mental Philosophy and Political Economy University College, Dublin. Dublin: Gill and Son, 1886.

¹¹ *Deep Sea Fisheries of Ireland.* By the Rev. C. Davis, P.P., Baltimore. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

be available as a training centre for the whole of Ireland. The project has received the approval and support of Government, and the friends of the enterprise are collecting funds for its prompt execution. Father Davis's pamphlet is appropriately dedicated to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has done so much for the revival of the fisheries of the south of Ireland.

"I should like to quote Mr. Burke," said Mr. Gladstone in one of his recent speeches. "I hope we shall hear much of him in the course of this discussion, for the writings of Mr. Burke upon Ireland, and still more upon America, are a mine of gold for the political wisdom with which they are charged, applicable to the circumstances of to-day, and full of the deepest and most valuable lessons to guide the policy of a country." Messrs. Gill and Son have taken a hint from those words and republished in a handy form some of Edmund Burke's writings on Irish affairs.¹² The book forms the fourth volume of their threepenny series, the *O'Connell Press Library*.

Catholic travellers on the Upper Rhine will find the little book on the *Minster of Freiburg*,¹³ recently published by Herder, a useful guide. Even for stay-at-home people it contains much pleasant reading, for the descriptions are very full and clear, and the history of the old Cathedral is told at some length. The frontispiece is a very artistic photograph of a portion of Freiburg, with the high choir-roof and beautiful open-work spire of the minster towering above the houses of the town.

*Pomfret Cakes*¹⁴ is the title of a book of bright little poems that comes to us this month from Pontefract. They deal mostly with local or religious topics, and they show that the young author has a ready skill in versification.

The tale of the *Castle of Coëtquen* presents a sad story of relentless hatred and unscrupulous violence on the one hand, and of patient suffering and heroic endurance on the other. A beautiful and virtuous lady, the victim of cruel persecution on the part of her brothers-in-law, is during her husband's temporary absence, reported to be dead, and immured in a subterraneous dungeon, where the heir of the estates is born. Thence he is, however, rescued through the instrumentality of an orphan boy; whose name, Patira, proclaims him one of

¹² *On Irish Affairs*. By Edmund Burke. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

¹³ *An Account of the Minster of Freiburg in Baden*. Partly adapted from the German of the late Very Rev. Canon Marmon by Berta Bulkeley-Jones and Harriette Blakeley. Freiburg in Baden: B. Herder, 1886.

¹⁴ *Pomfret Cakes*. Poems by John Wilson. London: R. Washbourne, 1886.

those whom nature has destined to suffer, and who, in the service of a brutal blacksmith, has abundant opportunity to exemplify his name. It is curious to observe how having a helpless infant entrusted to his safe-keeping, develops in the oppressed and submissive stripling the instinct of self-assertion and manly courage. The despair of the unhappy Marquis of Coëtquen, deprived of both wife and child, leads him to attempt self-destruction, but he is saved by the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, where he takes the habit, and whither, in accordance with the designs of Providence, his son, the infant heir, is brought for safety. It may be added that this book¹⁵ forms the introduction to the *Treasure of the Abbey*, of which a notice recently appeared in our pages, and affords a key to much that seems enigmatical in the latter volume. We hope shortly to receive the third volume of the series.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the last issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Father Lehmkuhl replies to the taunt uttered by the German Minister against the Church, in connection with the recent disturbances in Belgium, namely, that ninety-nine per cent. of those who took part in them were her faithful son, by showing how utterly antagonistic to the teaching of the Church are such socialistic uprisings, as well as the causes whence they spring. The state of the French law in regard to succession to property is discussed in another article, and the evils attendant on the *Code Civil*, by which the right of the parent to bequeath his property as he thinks best is set aside, are pointed out. One of these evils, the infinitesimal division of land, is partly counteracted by the recent law of consolidation; another, its tendency to diminish paternal authority, and weaken the power of the upper classes, makes itself only too perceptible. Father Baumgartner contributes a paper on the Popes of the Renaissance. Like every other period of history, the time of the Renaissance has its dark and light side, but in regard to no other has misrepresentation and calumny prevailed to so great an extent, especially in connection with the services rendered by the Papacy to Christian culture, and its influence on the literary and artistic life of Europe. Mention

¹⁵ *The Castle of Coëtquen, or Patira*. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

must also be made of a light and pleasing article from the pen of Father St. Beissel on "Flowers in Nature and Art;" an attractive subject gracefully handled.

An apology for Christian ethics appeared some time back in the pages of the *Katholik*, and the subject is now resumed by the same writer, who proposes briefly to examine some of the systems of moral philosophy of recent times, all of which attempt to effect a divorce between ethics and theology. Each lays down different motives and principles as the basis of morality; and by its miserable failure permanently to influence the human will, only serves to bring into stronger relief the grandeur of Christianity. Great divergence of opinion exists as to the authenticity and trustworthiness of the Life of St. Antony usually ascribed to St. Athanasius, and the *Katholik* thinks that the great importance of this memoir as the almost exclusive source for the early history of monachism, warrants a fresh discussion of its claim to be accepted as genuine. The concurrent testimony of the first Fathers of the Church is in favour of its authenticity, indeed, not until the sixteenth century was any doubt entertained on the subject; now it is again disputed. The *Katholik* also enters upon a review of the various encyclical letters issued by Pope Leo the Thirteenth, beginning with the latest, and then taking them in succession from the one where-with he inaugurated his pontificate; the occasion calling for each, and the purpose proposed in its publication, is explained and commented on. Dr. Probst concludes his description of the peculiarities of the Gallican Mass, and the alterations made in its prayers and ceremonies until the eighth century, during the latter half of which it was gradually and completely superseded by the Roman rite, introduced by order of King Pepin for the sake of greater uniformity and unanimity.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (863, 864) is of opinion that a crisis is rapidly approaching in Italian affairs; unless a reaction take place in the direction of order, justice, and liberty, and the abuses of existing institutions be reformed, a revolution must be expected with its accompanying horrors, confusion, license, tyranny of the people. The Liberal party are said to be awakening to a sense of danger, and to perceive they are threatened by democracy and socialism. Their idea is to preserve the form of monarchical Government, and to rest all the power in the hands of Parliament. The rights of the Church in respect to Catholic states and to individuals

acknowledging her spiritual authority have been considered at length in the pages of the *Civiltà*; it now speaks of her rights in respect to non-Catholics, both those who never belonged to her fold, and those who have separated themselves from heresy or schism; and also in modern times, those Liberal Governments who, not content with casting off her yoke, declare themselves her enemies, and desire her degradation and ultimate destruction. In the case of these latter it is the duty of the Catholic laity to make her existence recognized and her rights respected. The history of the Pontifical library and treasures is continued, as also that of the persecution systematically carried on against Christians by the Jews in all times and places.

The *Revue Générale* of Brussels, for June, contains as usual a number of interesting articles, but it is curious that there is none on either the Belgian industrial crisis or the state of affairs on the eve of the elections. The principal articles are an historical essay, "Les Huguenots et les Gueux," by M. de Petit, of the Bibliothèque Royale, Brussels; a study of the working of universal suffrage in the United States, by M. Léopold le Maire; an interesting account of the Negro Republic of Liberia on the West Coast of Africa; and a lively little essay by M. Halleux, on the art of the orator in our own day. There is also an article, "Le Volontariat," which is only signed with initials, and which the editor of the review publishes with the reservation, that the author is alone responsible for some of the views expressed in it. It combats a proposal recently made in Belgium to attempt to substitute for the actual conscription and universal liability to military service, an army organized like our own on the basis of voluntary enlistment. For an English reader it is curious to see how earnestly the writer argues for the maintenance of that most fearful tax upon a people—the conscription. We confess that he does not seem to us to make out his case. If anywhere on the Continent, the principle of voluntary service might surely be adopted in a guaranteed state like Belgium, and probably if the experiment were tried the country would soon have a more efficient army than it has at present,—smaller in numbers, but as well if not better fitted to do the work that the present army has before it—namely, preservation of internal order, and, in case of a violation of Belgian neutrality co-operation with the force sent by the guaranteeing Powers. Besides these articles we have the usual amount of fiction, and the monthly "Lettre de Paris."

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